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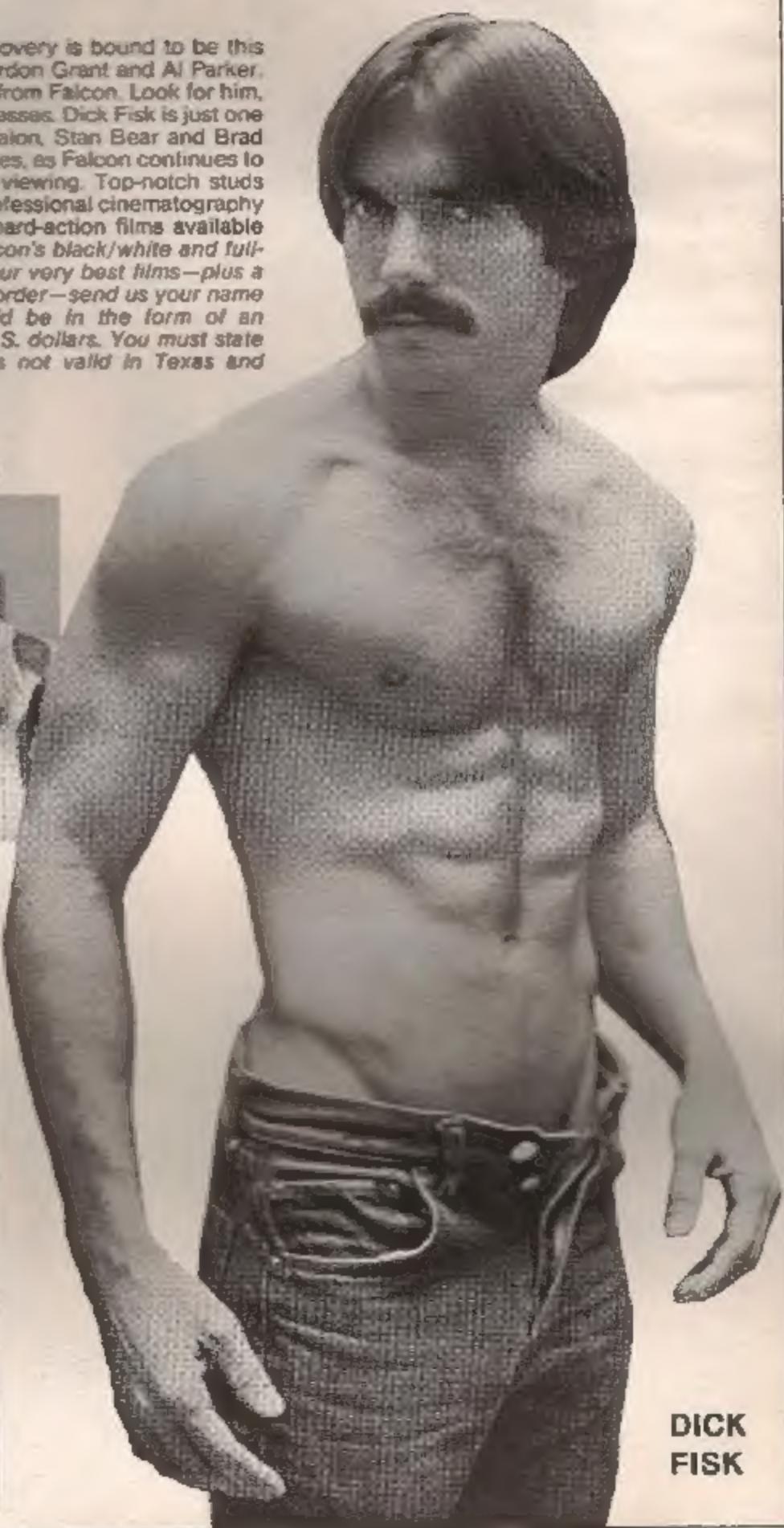
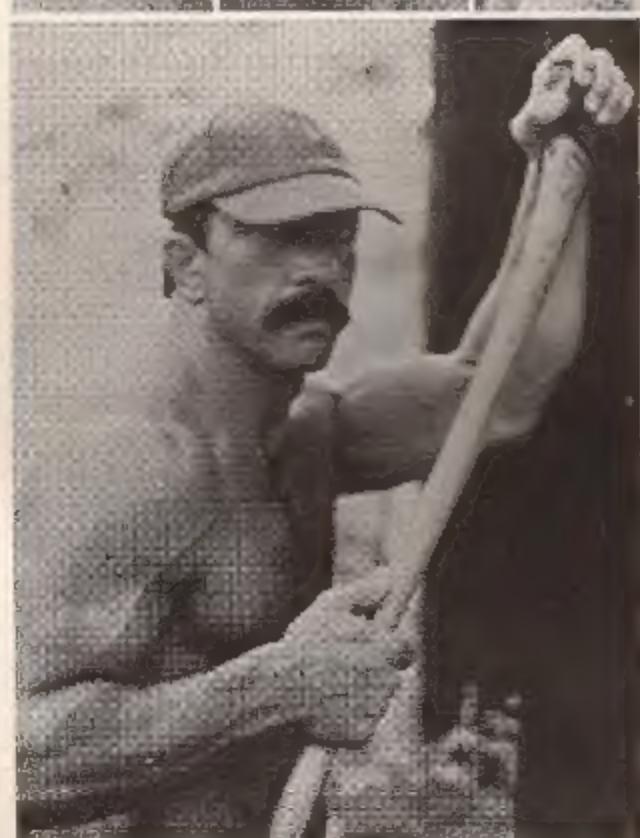
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DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE



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DRUMMER

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: JACK FRITSCHER
ART DIRECTOR: AL SHAPIRO
ADVERTISING: RANDY PERRY, DON BEAVERS
CIRCULATION MANAGER: HOOT GIBSON
REVIEWERS: ED FRANKLIN, JIM KEPNER, RUSS MALLOY,
CONTRIBUTORS: CHRISTOPHER NOBEL
TOBY BAILEY, G.B. MISA, ORLANDO PARIS,
BERNIE PROCK, RALPH MCPHARSON, JAMES SPADA,
ALLEN EAGLES, FRANK EDWARDS, PAUL EDWARDS,
KURT KREISLER, ARISTIDE LAURENT,
G. CALVIN MAGISTER, SCOTT MASHERS, ROBERT OPEL,

PHOTOGRAPHY: MAL BERNSTEIN, ROB CLAYTON,
ROY DEAN, J&R STUDIOS, RICHARD MOORE,
PETER MUNNKE, ROBERT OPEL, PAT ROCCO,
DAVE SANDS, TARGET, TRADEMARK, TERRY WILLIAMS,
HY CHASE, ART KELLY, JIM STEWART
ART: CHUCK ARNETT, CLIFF RAVEN, OLAF,
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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

DOTS, NIPPLES 'N ARMPITS

For a little while my cock will be soft and my balls empty: HOT WEATHER LEATHER did it for me this time — what a load I shot all over the pages...

Three recommendations:

1) Put out a whole mag of nothing but "Erotic Dots" and you'll make a fortune. The all time best was the stud sucking himself off... getting fucked by a dog isn't a turn on for me. More, please.

2) How 'bout a pic feature of nothing but tight close-ups of guys' nipples? Most guys I know and play with love having their nipples pinched, nipped, and sucked. Big, bulgy nipples with good sized peaks get me really hard and willing.

3) Another attribute of studs which is never featured in magazines is armpits. All of us know the fun of nuzzling a guy's pit hair. Even a series of pictures of guys reaching to tongue their own armpits would be bliss.

Just thinking about those possibilities has me hard again: think I'll jack off over the "Danger MEN Working" section. Nothing sexier than a guy in a torn undershirt with his nipple(s) showing. Keep up the good work. You are the sexiest mag of all!

I.J.

THIS AND THAT

I picked up an old issue of BLUEBOY — Volume VIII at a porn store — It's all about S&M. I never realized I was into that, but found it fascinating, and that I could identify with it delightfully — SO, I found later — your Anniversary Issue, and have been reading and looking and dipping into my jockey shorts all afternoon. I love it. It is a lot of BULLSHIT, as you know, but very enjoyable it is live fancy. It strikes a cord between your — or my — balls, that is realistic and pleasing.

Tom Hinde's essay and drawings are delightful! Tell the old son of a bitch so! I'd like to see him piss! And feel it!

The guy on page 29 has a beautiful ass, but it is out of proportion — who cares? I like the hang of the balls seen between. ZACH is OK.

One thing — among others — that got me — is the add section, the Drummer Shopper. I found one item I must have from Calston Industries. Had never heard of such things — but I have one... Have had for many years...

The article on famous sadists in history is all a damn lie, but good reading. You have the facts backass foremost and all mixed up, but have drawn some grotesque pictures, which all that was meant to be — not history.

More power to you — and to your SOB readers!

Must now write to Calston and get

that little thing they want to send me.

John
Louisville, KY

POOR JUDGEMENT

Mr. Kreisler has indeed taken off on a flight of fancy in his novel "My Brother My Slave." No way could this happen in our California public school system. If I could, Senator Briggs would have a whopping good talking point for his November ballot proposal! At this critical time, any religious fanatic could really make something of this. The fact that it is well written is beside the point. Mr. Kreisler could have at least had a more credible locale. Under the circumstances, I think very poor judgement to have published this story.

On a brighter note, I agree with D. P. of San Rafael that a full page photo of Jon Michael Vincent in that one nude photo would be great. Of course maybe other factors might make it unfeasible.

Hal
S.F., CA

GAY SEXUALITY

As a doctoral student in Adult Education/Community Development with a specialty in sexual minorities, it has been necessary for me to collect as much data as possible on all aspects of Gay sexuality. In this collection there are four copies of Drummer — No. 1, 11, 12 and 13. Would it be possible for you to send me the other issues as an aid in my research and writing?

My academic credentials may be verified. I have enclosed two items that might also help in your decision-making.

Please don't underestimate the importance of your magazine in the overall gay community development sociology.

C.S.
Bloomington, IN

PRO DRUMMER

I am remorsefully forced to write you out of annoyance. The latest issue of Drummer arrived at my home mailbox with its envelope ripped open, allowing my younger brother and sister to view it. My sister, never in her wildest dreams, had stopped to think that it might not have been some practical joke being played on me by a friend or malicious enemy, but a magazine which I have subscribed to for over a year now.

My mother immediately labeled me a hot and heavy fag arose out of the sighting of the "pornographic-queer-shit," as my mother so freely labeled "Drummer Magazine." She started saying to the younger kids, not to be anywhere near me for I may rub off on them. She once

told me that Anita Bryant fights for good causes, and she was and still is for the abolishment of anything pro-gay.

I decided that since I'm a college sophomore, 21 years and a faithful "Drummer" fan, I ought to open a post office mailbox when possible. And now I have, in about a week I should be able to let you know the new address to send the remaining issues and future issues of Drummer magazine.

Also, check for me how much time I have on my subscription, before I have to renew. I don't want to miss a single solitary issue. So, in conclusion, I'd appreciate it very much if you could send me a duplicate issue of the latest Drummer.

K.R.D.
N.Y.

TINGLE

This item, adv. published in today's Washington Post struck me as something DRUMMER should have.

I think this is from a "closet flogger" — no?

It gave me a tingle reading it!

D.K.
Washington, DC

"WHY DO THE HEATHEN RAGE?"

Psalm 2:1 and Acts 4:25

Was it not Julius Caesar who wrote: "All Gaul is divided into three parts"? And was it not the late Will Rogers who said that American History was divided into three parts: 1. The passing of the Buffalo; 2. The passing of the Indians; and the modern period, The passing the Buck?

There is raging, rioting, rape, ruin, rebellion, crime, lawlessness, and anarchy just about all over the globe! When you think of it and the causes and ask why, why, do you ever think of your own responsibility in the matter, or do you almost involuntarily "pass the buck" to someone else: the Communists, The Rightists, Leftists, The President, The Senate, The House, The Supreme Court, Governors, Legislatures or maybe the Ku Klux? But never once does the thought enter your mind that your own conduct and manner of life may sow the seeds that produce the harvest of such abominable conditions that are dangerous to your own home and loved ones, your means of livelihood, your government, your liberty and even life itself.

The Ku Klux was mentioned. A few years ago a certain man was walking through his home city's cemetery looking at the names of the buried folks — remember Sam Jones' comment: "The heart in your bosom is a muffled drum, beating a march for you to the cemetery!" — He noticed the graves of two men who had been very prominent in that community in business, or civil and official life. Both of these men were known by many to be unfaithful to their wives and marriage vows, and cohabiting with other women. Suddenly there was quite a change for the better observed in both cases. It was whispered about, sort of grapevine fashion, that both men had been contacted by the Ku Klux and advised to cut out their devilmint or they would be "taken on a ride" and served to a good thrashing, with maybe "tar and feathers for dessert." It is not known to this party how many lashes the laws of the Klux permitted, or if there was any limit at all, but it is to be feared they exceeded that of The Law of God that permitted "forty, save one!"

If any who read this happen to be guilty of corrupting another's home, or some woman or young girl, may it be suggested that that is the kind of medicine you need for what ails you, and it would be a picnic and light indeed in comparison with that which God's word reveals is in store for you unless you turn away

from your evil and there is a genuine "repentance towards God and faith towards The Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, don't go to hell! But if you don't agree you may find comfort and encouragement from many a man and even D.D. men who tell you there is no hell, and in this atomic age "The Ancient of Days is out of date?"

Do we not set ourselves up as more righteous than The Holy God Himself when regardless of how mean and low down one may get to be, yet his precious carcass must not be touched with the stroke of strap or whip! I thank God that I had parents and a schoolteacher that did not consider my body so precious as all that. At times my "jaws were boxed," and at others there was applied — "behind" — the brush, the strap, and the switch. If I had been deprived of that healthy medicine that I needed I fear I would be a lot sicker than I have turned out to be, as is. But I am not so sorry as to even now not strive to obey God's Fifth Command: "Honor thy father and thy mother," to thank God for such parents and "to rise up and call them blessed." Hear The Word of God, The King of kings, and Lord of lords.

"Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beat him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall deliver his soul from hell." Proverbs 23:13 and 14.

That comes very near to just plainly saying: "Beat the hell out of him!" Doubtless the rod and strap and lash used in "The Fear of The Lord" would in a short time cut young and old folks delinquency to a minimum. But no, no, this generation knows better, and we will "Break The Bands and Cast Away The Cords" of The Almighty."

"Withhold not correction from the child . . . Proverbs 23:13.

Robert B. Scott, P.O. Box 405, Decatur, GA 30031.

— from the Washington Post-Sun, 10/16/77

GIVE 'EM HELL!

Been reading your magazine since I first gave it to my lover as a birthday present. It is getting better and better. That creep Van Velson in his letter in issue 17 complaining about old men in bars — so what — what will he do when he gets old? I'm 67 myself — we've been together 25 years.

—Florida

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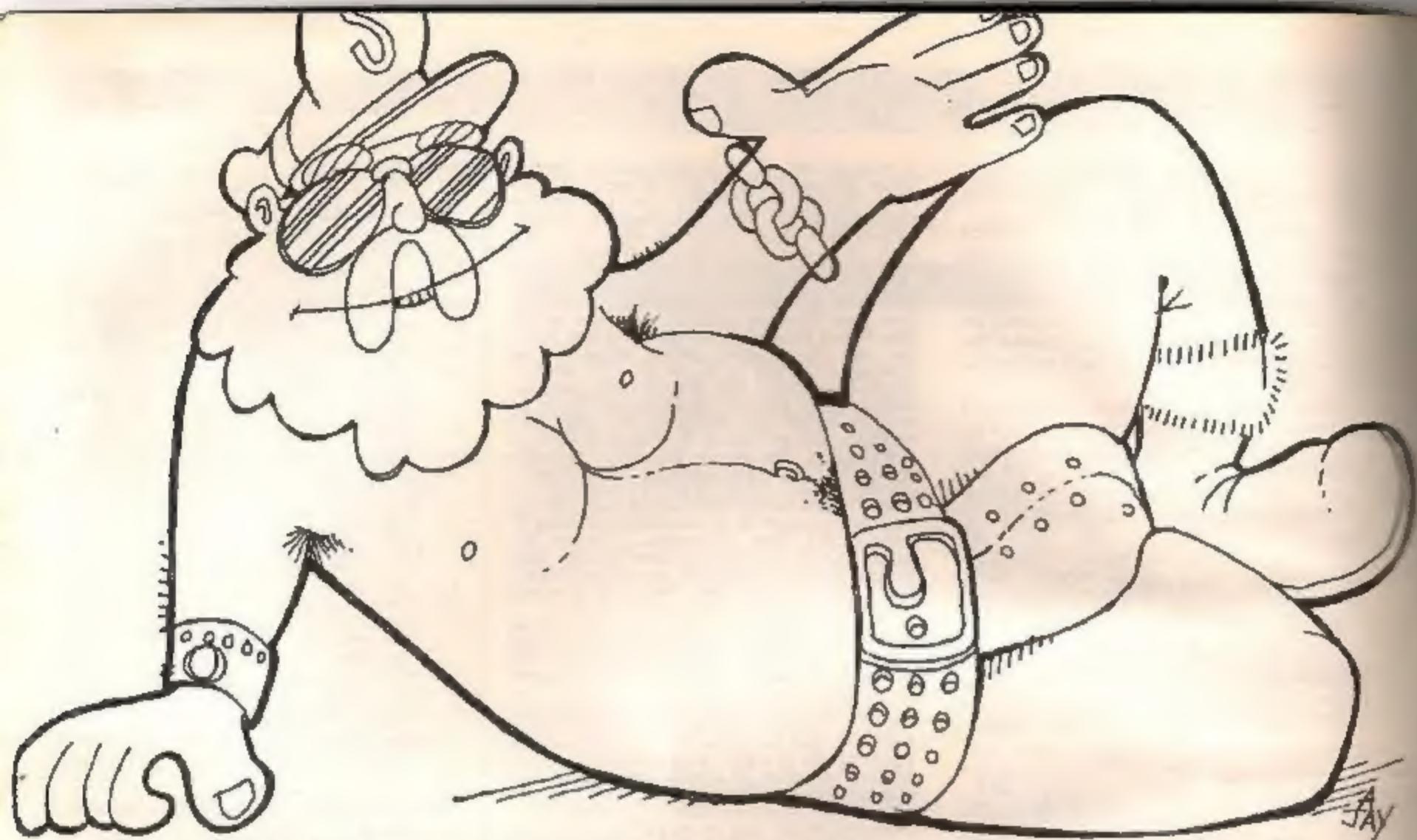
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LEATHER CHRISTMAS

by
JACK FRITSCHER

CHRISTMAS GIVES ME FUCKED-OUT EYES. Lots of looks at lots of parties. Terrific tumbles at the tubs. Men visiting San Francisco for the Holidays. Remembrance of the whole year's close encounters of the male kind. Man-ghosts of Christmas Past. Eyeing wise men in threesomes. Enduring inevitable S-and-M Christmas cards that say: "ChristMaS: Two S.s and one M. Have a wellhung Holiday." Omigod.

Christmas celebrates toys, toy soldiers, and men of good and consenting will. Estranged lovers decide to speak. Love is found with the proper stranger. Childless men celebrate the birth of the Basic Male Child.

CHRISTMAS DRUMMER BOY

Already this holiday season, at the new Folsom bar called The Brig, which was the No Name before it was The Bolt, a guy named Thumper, says Hi to me. We talk. I buy him a Lite. He rubs my chest. I spotted him a moment before as across the bar a hot man in full leather toyed with his ass through his jeans. He reached around, loosened Thumper's belt, dropped his denim to his knees, and kissed his butt in the shadows of the bar. Flattered

by the compliment, Thumper prolonged the moment of his tongueing, then redressed himself, tucking the tail of his Rudolph-the-Rednosed-Reindeer teeshirt into his jeans, moving slowly my way.

He rubs my chest again. I stroke his bicep through his leather jacket. He is bearded. His red hair is clipped short, cut by the other Thumper who barbers up on Castro. A gap between his two front teeth makes me a sucker for his kisser. There's mistletoe in his green eyes.

A Top Man, we agree, should be believable.

He claims to play Top.

Later in his van we eat fresh strawberries. Again he touches my chest. He lights a Marlboro. In the glow, his tan deepens. His van smells of freshcut pine branches.

I wonder the same old wonder we all wonder: Is this guy believable? Maybe. He's offbeat enough. Looks like a genuine BST: Bent, Sick, and Twisted. We cruise types and read fantasies in their faces: ranchers, truckers, bikers, linebackers, cons, mechanics, mercenaries, mafiosi, and Marines. Symbolic men with a husky taste for celebrating male sex: whiskey in a glass, a baseball chew of Red Man chew, a two-day beard, a cigar butt — bizarre but exciting.

As the song goes, "All I want for Christmas is . . ."

At my house Thumper rolls a couple jays. We pass the sweet blue back and forth, lust rising with the high. "You got good arms," he says. "Want a 'lude? It's fun. We can sleep when we want."

Down with the 714's. Down with the wine. Down to my cellar.

He eyes the rack, stocks, cage, hooks, eyebolted bed, and footlocker filled with toys. "I like imagination," he says. He grabs my chest twisting my tits too heavily, too painfully, too little sensual buildup.

We're hardly beyond the foretalk.

But I let him grind my pecs because of the delight in his eyes. My cock is hard. My head analyzes his moves. Judging. Taking, in this raw situation, in this pared-down human relationship where everything is upfront, the measure of us two men.

JINGLE BALLS

Recently on a night around Thanksgiving at Lowery's Leatherneck on Folsom, with only twenty guys or so, I approached a man in a leather jacket, cap, jeans, no shirt. We nodded. He grabbed my crotch. Hard. Rough.

Men do to others what they really want done to themselves.

I grabbed him back. Never do nothin' nice and easy. He moaned. "Take care of my balls," he said.

I pushed him up against the empty

backbar. He spread his feet. I laid forty, maybe fifty, kicks with my boot into his groin. Thunk of scuffed black leather against warm denim crotch. Balls bouncing hot in his big sac. He moaned out a smile. We minded our business. The crowd minded theirs. One last kick and I pulled his bruised body into mine, jerking my knee up into his piss-soaked crotch.

Once. Twice. Three times. He made a low pleased sound and pressed hard into me. A direct hit. He shot hot and slick through his torn denim into my hand. "Thanks," he said.

Don't know his name. Don't need to. Wouldn't recognize him again. But for what it was, an honest engaging moment, we worked some meaning into the meaninglessness of what passes between people over holiday tea and ices. Something hot, maybe blessed, passed honest between us. Man to man.

I do remember he was a tourist, because he surprised me. He hugged me, shook my hand, and wished me a Merry Christmas.

WE FUCK, THEREFORE WE ARE

Being men who prefer men has never been our problem. Society's problem, maybe. We never set ourselves apart. Society did. We are who we are.

We are worthy, worth something.

We can touch men or be touched by men in ways most people go their whole liveslong untouched by anyone. We are worth much. And we don't live our life-style out of show, sham, or shame. We live for ourselves. Honestly. At least most of the time. So here's to some kind of special merry little Christmas to us!

WON'T YOU GUIDE MY SLEIGH TONIGHT?

Thumper held on to my chest. I to his. But then began that hypnotized look in his eyes, falling back, down, and away from the Top position he projected in his macho bar pose. Grab a dude's tits and down he goes. That old black magic: I saw it happening. The way it usually does. Fuck. In sex or out of it, almost always stuck playing Top. Not that I am only a Top. Who is? Just that in sex, business, or relationships, I usually end up dominant, not by my choice, but by others' deference.

Keys worn on the right always mean Bottom.. Keys on the left mean no more than Negotiable. Get the picture?

To balance our scene's energy I turned on the negotiable Thumper. He glided gladly out of his Top space. A real down-hill racer. I tied his arms behind his back.

"I've never been tied up before," he said.

"I'm not tying you," I explained. "I'm making you secure." I attached his bound wrists to a pulley in the ceiling and hoisted his hands up toward his shoulders. His feet, booted on the cool cellar cement, ferreted for a footing.

"Be good to me," he said.

"I'll be very good to you. Very good."

S AND M: A NEW DEFINITION

S and M does not stand for sadism and masochism. S and M stands for Sensuality and Mutuality. Sensuality: the action must feel good to both men. Mutuality: both men consent to a definite energy exchange.

Sensuality and Mutuality, as practiced

in San Francisco, LA, New York, and all the farmbungs in between, is not only healthy sexual encounter, it is very often extraordinarily good therapy. One man, for example, gets very nervous when he hasn't recently played a bottom scene. He works as a radio dispatcher for a police department, and every six weeks or so, when his hunger and his tension peak, he submits himself to a Catholic priest who is one of the heaviest leather disciplinarians in the USA and gets his body well worked over, his head nicely shrunk out, and his "sins" conveniently forgiven.

THUMPER BOTTOMS OUT

"Come on, Thumper," I said. "Give it to me." I looked directly into his beautiful eyes. He focused on mine. His mouth fell slack. Receptive. I came in to him through his eyes. Talking, in through his ears. Close enough in the candlelit heat of the cellar for him to smell my body hot in my leather. Massaging his tits, to come into him through his sense of touch. "You are," I said. "Where you want to be. Say yes. Say yes."

And he focused through the "Vitamin Q" on the reality flooding forward from his pituitary, from his adrenaline, from his cojones, from his subconscious. He said yes.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Anything."

Because the reality was he hung helpless, tied and hoisted, not by superman, but by another quite ordinary man who had the will, inclination, and hardon to string him up.

Torture. He repeated word five or six times. Rolling it in his mouth. "Please torture me."

What a man-with-a-hardon says, especially in nightgames, needs subtitles. "Torture me" means "Give me heavy sensation on my body." There is no real torture and no real pain and no real humiliation in ritual. It is suggestion more than reality. But the truth is you can play plenty hard without physical damage. Without a mark. Heavy is measured by sensual and mutual respect for limits.

When a man contracts with a consenting man for a heavy trip, the possibilities begin as basic as alligator clamps on his tits, balls, and cock. All the obvious places. Then a few not so obvious: in a circle around his asshole as foreplay to fisting, on both lips and his tongue, across his eyebrows, and in his nose. If a guy lives in his head, use his head. The clamps and clothespins get his attention. His hardon holds his interest.

In this way Thumper hung, treated with the great respect due a man, but worked over. Heavy. In a delicate balance.

STRAIGHT RITES OF PASSAGE

Working over straight guys is a whole other trip. I've topped several because movies like *Rollerball*, *The Holy Mountain*, and *Marathon Man* raise the ritual fantasy-consciousness in their hetero heads. Richard Harris, hanging by his pecs in *A Man Called Horse*, all for the love of a girl, awoke an "endurance hunger" in quite a few completely straight guys. They wanted their own personal rite of passage, their own initiation into adult masculinity, in our society that has never definitely signalled when a boy is definitely a man.

Mostly these dudes were macho athletic types. To the ones I agreed to conduct through ritual passage, I indicated they had to mutualize the energy by putting out sexually. So hungry were they for a safe experience they knew no other way to satisfy, they each in their own turn agreed.

For their head's sake I kept their sexual involvement fairly passive by simply fucking the shit out of them near the end of the scene. Jocks, used to hard coaching, seem the most susceptible to this kind of man-to-man ritual sexuality. Trained to accept the orders of another man, they follow those orders at even the greatest hardship and pain to themselves in order to make the team. They are ripe and ready to deal with a masculine Top who will modify his gayness to accommodate their needs while still satisfying his own. And these men are truly sexually straight. It's just that for once, in our too-soft society, they feel they must endure with all manly fortitude the primal therapy of the ritual vigils, pains, and humiliations endured by every ancient warrior worth his manhood.

THUMPER HANGS ON

Thumper began to moan. I turned on even more. The sight of his tanned muscular body hanging taut led to a truism: every body looks better in the strain of bondage. The sculpture of bondage. Definition of muscular bulk becomes clearer. Sweat rolls from under the arms, glistens down the trim sides. The cock, a length of rawhide tied tight around its base, distends, hardvelned. A clear string drools from its anxious mouth.

Electrical clips clamp his tits. Chains from each clip run up through eyehooks and dangle down to the lead weights swinging opposite his erect cock. This magnificent man whom girls turn to cruise in the streets hangs strung up in back by his wrists between his shoulder-blades, strung up in front by his tits stretched toward the ceiling.

WORKING ON WOMEN: ROUND YON VIRGIN

Working on women or married couples can be fun. For a fee. Because my hard really isn't totally perversatile. Women tend to be more dramatically masochistic in a psychodrama situation. On one extreme, a woman will play the innocent virgin captured and abused. On the other, she will play the outraged bitch who when she gets loose, you motherfucker, will barbecue your cock en brochette.

With husband-and-wife scenes, after she has called Palo Alto to doublecheck with the babysitter, the couple can be strung up opposite each other for who-loves-who-more games: "Who gets the next ten lashes? Who gets the dildo? Where?" Or spouses can be worked on one at a time. The most frequent scene is to tie, say, the wife into a chair and make her witness the abuse of her husband. Many women get hot and enraged at their old man's getting tied, degraded, and fucked. They yell and scream and attack his manhood as cock goes up his ass or down his throat.

She comes. He comes. I come.

Later, all shrunk out, they kiss and hug and carry on like they've spent a

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THUMPER'S SECOND ROUND

I took Thumper down and led him obediently across the cellar to the rack and tied him down again. For a good hard bellydown fuck. Leather restraints tighten around his ankles, his thighs, his waist, his neck, his biceps, and his wrists. His butt shines like Christmas ornaments in the candle light.

"I'm secure," he says.

I smile and plunge on in. Like quicksand, the more you wiggle the deeper you go.

NEOPOLITAN SEX: 3 FLAVORS

Sex is Neopolitan ice cream. Vanilla is for plain old kissyface. Strawberry is for S and M exotica, because a "strawberry" is jocker talk for the bruise you get on the playing field. Chocolate covers the currently trendy, but understandably closeted, interest in scatology. (See *Salò*, Pasolini's last film before the hustler caved in the side of his head with a two-by-four.)

Lovers of vanilla sex often have as much fear of strawberry sex as straights have of gay sex. Vanilla fans fear, or fantasize, that if they hit a leather bar or bath, they will be attacked like Sebastian in *Suddenly Last Summer*. Hardly.

While men sometimes get pantsed, spread on pooltables, beaten with belts, and maybe fisted, you can believe they gave their consent one way or the other. As long as you don't wear cologne or deodorize your pits, you're safer in a leather bar than in twink bar where All-American boys might toss you and your leathers into a LaCoste alligator pit.

As Joel Grey said in *Cabaret*: "Live and let live."

NEW YEAR'S NOSTALGIA

Sometimes places like the classic Folsom Street Barracks conjure so much energy, they go up in flames. When the Barracks was golden, not only were you safe, you were transported. For guys liking the best bodies mixed with the farthest fantasy, the Barracks was Christmas every night of the year. You entered expectant that something lurid, raunchy, wild, even slightly dangerous might happen. And it did. But, generally, except for the reborn Jesus-freak who tied a guy up in his room and browbeat him for two hours with a bible until his screams brought rescue, Barracks behavior was all within the realm of sensual mutuality.

Barracks guys suffered no failure of imagination. Fistfuckers inched into rings Ripley would not believe. Men created trips of leather and sweat. Hides spread on the bed. Three layers of criscoed leather wrapping a man's hot body. Bodybuilders poised to be touched, worshipped, fucked. S-and-M types with guys hanging upside down in the doorways to rooms. Spontaneous gangfucks. Wrestling in one room. Boxing next door. Big pecs. Big dicks. Smooth buns. Long-hair. Crewcuts. Shaved heads. Oink of Crisco and chocolate. Piss and denim. Jockstraps. Uniforms. Armpits. Tongues. Asshole. Dim red light. Loud acid rock. Bodies laid back on the stairs. Uncut cock flipped up on a tight belly inviting a sucking. Easy access man to man. Dance: 10. Looks: 10. And the vibes, as we said back then, good.

But now, this holiday season, I f—"Think tonight I'll hit the Barracks. Then comes the pang I can't. No can. Except the local filmmaker wants to shoot a pornie, rumor has it, the Barracks' charred halls. Love, I go among the ruins.

The Barracks' burning broke up a bunch of boys. No more hot new Years like 1973 with the muscleman standing on a sink, stroking his meat, rubbing his oiled chest, while thirty men knelt on the tile floor, worshipping him, jerking off, reaching toward his golden cock straight out of some C.B. DeBibber movie. Gone are the days. San Francisco this Christmas has no pansexual Place.

The best bodies currently check the Technicolor Club Baths at 8th and Howard. The best bent, sick, and twisted trips slide into the Slot on Folsom. Fistfuckers descend to The Catacomb private handballing palace, so elaborate and decadent that if you want to leave your heart in San Francisco, you can probably store it there in a footlocker. The jerk-off oral fans now hang ten, or less, or you're lucky, more, through the glass holes in the maze at the South of Market Club on 6th where raunch reigns supreme.

SWINGING NIGHTLY ON THE CHANDELIERS
My sweat drips down on Thumper. The space heaters run to warm the perpetually San Francisco chill off the cellar. Nothing worse in a scene than a discomfort intended. A Top has to be sensitive enough to move the one space heater away from the rack. Over it I notice — fuck my best faded levis hang on the heat edge, scorching. Without pulling out him, I yank my jeans free of the heat. I don't care. All that counts is this man loves me. Higher and higher.

We may never see each other again. But for what it is, for now: bliss. Too much of a good thing is great. Less isn't more. Only more is more. Ask a Medici.

DAY'S MERRY AND BRIGHT

But, coming, butt-coming, too much great sensuality, I think on this night before Christmas of the daytime streets of that straight world so many gay men insist on functioning in so well, because we are — Thank God — gay, and more than gay. I hope people will be able to see in our eyes, in our fucked-out eyes, how we love the men we've laid and men we've yet to lay; that they will see in our fuck-filled eyes what we have experienced, what we look and live for; that they will see in our eyes the dimensions of human sex and sensuality and mutuality that we recognize in our gay brothers' eyes when we pass them on straight streets; that our fuck-full eyes will forever be the badge of our identification with those who should know, and our badge of fulfillment to those who barely imagine where our heads are, but yet love us enough to hope we're having a good time, the time even of our lives.

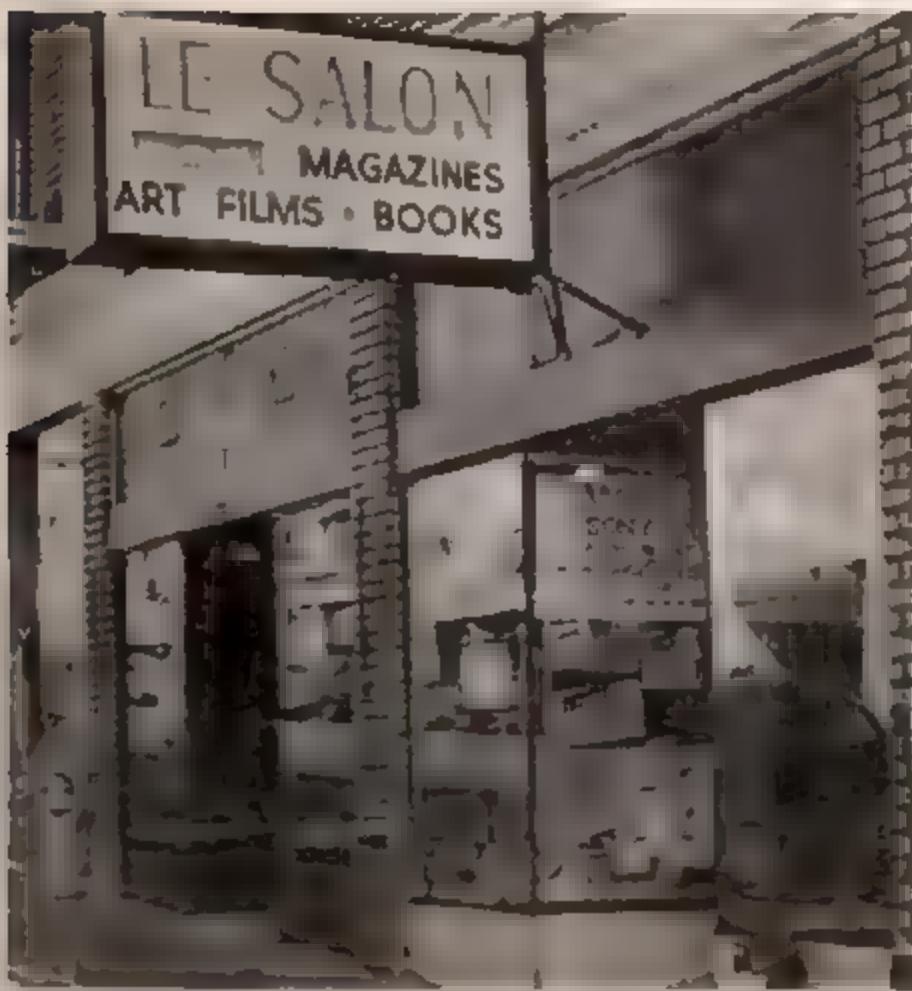
The only fucking immortality a man can expect, after we play it as it lays, is to be a story told in beds around the world on nights before Christmas. And even nights after.

Ain't that right, Thump, old buddy?

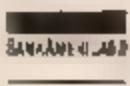
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THE ALL NEW LEATHERMANS

GUIDE

Bruce Werner

GUIDE TO S&M: PART II

(Advanced Equipment, On The Job Training,
How to tell if he's on the level or not in the bar,
and What to do until the ambulance arrives.)

Well, hello there, Little Buddy! From the look on your face, I'd say you did get into at least a little S&M after all. Want to talk about it? Oh. You're right, the grin on your face tells me plenty. You're right again, I did promise a second lesson. This time we'll get on with some of the heavier stuff.

Advanced equipment? Sure, good a place as any to begin. I'll just rummage through my night stand and we'll discuss whatever I pull out.

Now this little chrome plated beauty is called a "Duck Bill" and is used for spreading your trick's ass. I don't mean just his cheeks, either. It looks kind of like you chopped the front of the duck's head off, keeping the bill and fricasseed the rest. (Not now, cooking classes are on alternate Wednesdays, except when they conflict with open house at the

home.) What you do is, with the two bills together, insert the little jewel into your partner's ass, as far as they will go. Then you slowly turn this little screw here. That makes the bills spread apart, opening his hole nice and wide. Then you can take a look inside and see what condition he's in after last night, or drill for oil, or fill it with quick drying plaster (talk about constipation!), or try and find the Chrysler that was reported missing last weekend on Folsom Street. Cunning idea, don't you think? For a truly memorable sensation, you can pull them out quickly while they're still spread. Be careful, though. Sometimes that can cause a thunderclap that will be heard in three counties.

Okay, what's this? Oh yeah. This guy has got a lot of different names: Internal pressurizer, the "Big Apple" if you're into geography, or the reverse catheter. Yes, it does look like one half of a blood pressure cuff. The other end has a heavy weight balloon on it. That end is inserted up the ass, too. (Hmmm, seems to be a pattern forming here. Am I one of ~~the~~???) Once it's comfortably in place, you start squeezing the little rubber ball on the other end. That forces air up the tube and makes the balloon expand, bigger and bigger. Oh God, and bigger. They tell me it's a rather interesting experience, all in all. The only trouble with this one is that you really can't do much else while it's in place. Oh I mean there's a lot of things you can do, but you can't do them. You get the picture. So, you know, you can do this, and then you, while it's still inserted, you can do this, and then you can turn off the apparatus and the ass will sound like a dog barking. Is it? That's not a can be a real sexual downer.

No kidding this is NOT a flashlight. Nor a replica of one of the Light Swords from "Star Wars." It's a cattle prod. No, I'm not kidding. It has a lot of uses, too. It's a very handy way to scare off a nosy trick right from the start. It's also useful after you've got the guy into the proper mood (and bondage). You can zap him an occasional jab right after the person's ~~penis~~ to let him know you care. Or, you can zap him if he falls asleep. (Of course, if he falls asleep, the zap is a secret. My favorite use for it is Halloween. ~~Penis~~ to get little trick or treaters' eyes light up!

Ah, here's one of my particular favorites. It's called the "Nine Gates of Hell," although it comes with any number of these little rings. What you do is put the bottom ring, the largest one, on the... or cock ring. Then you thread the cock ring through the rest. Once you get a hard on, it fits like a glove. It takes the pressure from the rings, but it's a nice pressure. It's made by somebody wearing one of these sizes... I mean, Take it from me... or give it to me. When you get it, make sure it's not too small before you get it. You'll find yourself in big trouble. If it's too small, when you get a hard on, it will stay that way, no matter how much you... Think of the embarrassment at the emergency room. You'll be explaining to the boss what you were doing there at six o'clock in the morning, and why you want to know if your medical benefits cover hock saw and bolt cutters.

Now then. Let's take a look at some of this stuff hanging from the walls. Not the prints, you dummy! I meant — oh shit, just follow me.

This is your basic bullwhip. It's actually pretty much of an

all around item. For sex, it can go a long, long way toward creating the right climate in the bedroom. I find that giving my trick a few light flicks usually gets him pretty hot to trot right away. Of course, sometimes they trot right out the front door, but that's the chance you take, I suppose. For heavier numbers, it can be a real crowd pleaser. Be careful in its application however. It does draw blood and leaves some pretty wonderful (Uh, I mean terrible) marks. But what the hell. You gonna fish or cut bait? A couple cautions on its use: One, practice by yourself before you try it on anyone else. It has an annoying tendency to come back and either snap out your eye (icky poo!!!), or else wrap itself around your neck like a boa constrictor. Either condition is very embarrassing when in company. Secondly, avoid using it in any, repeat, ANY, room with hanging light fixtures. I made that mistake one night. Ended up ripping the chandeller right out of the ceiling, which fell on my trick and caused the bed to collapse. Of course, his Siamese was lying under the bed at that particular moment and the poor creature almost died of a heart attack right there on the spot. Needless to say, the trick was more than a little upset over the whole thing. Maybe you know him - they call him the "Chandelier Queen" now. Anyway, the whole point is, just be careful!

This one is called the Cat of Nine Tails. It's neither made out of a cat, nor does it tell tales, but it does have its place. It packs quite a nasty set of stings when used properly, a though it is rather fatiguing if used for any length of time at all. But especially for those places with low ceilings or other narrow confines, it can be de ightful. Again, you have to watch your step with it. For one thing, don't ever leave it lying in a drawer for any time at all. Those little leather straps get all tangled and tie themselves into knots. I swear, the fucking thing's alive. It's not real suave to make your trick wait while you untangle your equipment. Again, watch out when you swing it. More than one of us has got the scars on our ears from bringing it down too close to our head.

Finally, here's my motorcycle cap. I do not know why they call it a motorcycle cap, since it's not a real practical thing to wear when you ride. If you keep your head at just the right angle, it's fine. But move just the wrong way, whoosh! Then it's half a mile back in the road and six Mack trucks have run over it. That is also not cool. Anyway . . . I call it equipment just because you buy it and you can use it for sex. Yes, that's right — for sex. A lot of guys really get off on balling with a hunky dude in a motor cap. And just about anybody who puts it on will look hunky. The reason is very simple. Worn properly, and that means with the bill of the cap resting on your nose, it covers about half your face. In reality, they're looking at you, but seeing the cap. Look, with a face like this I have to know all the tricks of the trade. Get the drift?

While we're at it, we may as well discuss a couple other items of clothing. Chaps you're familiar with, I hope you are, anyway. If you're not, there just isn't much hope at all. These funny looking little shorts are called "under chaps." Not surprisingly because they're made to be worn under the chaps. They have a couple nice features. The first is this little pouch in the front, called a "cod piece." No, I don't know why, although I honestly doubt it has anything to do with fishing or Massachusetts. You'll notice that it is held in place by these four little snaps. Beneath it you see a small round opening. You put your cock and balls through the hole and then snap the cod piece on over it. Again, the usual warning. Careful! If you think zipping the end of your joint in the zipper hurts, try snapping your left nut in this. Good lord, this whole thing is fraught with danger from end to end! The cod piece is great for going out and getting it on in the bars. Just snap and the world is at your knees. Going to the john is a lot easier, too. None of that tucking and pushing and grunting and sweating you go through when you wear Levis under chaps. Just one little snap. Modern technology does have its triumphs.

These also have a little zipper in the back end. That's not there to make them easier to get on and off, by the way. You remember the Nine Gates of Hell? Well, this is the Gate to Paradise. Or so some say, at least. And, this is one zipper you don't have to worry about when you zip it up.

This other thing may just look like a few pieces of leather to you. It's a harness. These jobs come in all shapes and sizes, from a simple little off the shoulder number to one that has three hundred buckles and so many studs it glows in the dark. This particular one is pretty simple, just across the chest and

under the crotch. It's got a built in cock ring that sort of keeps the whole thing in place, and these little loops here and there to tie up whatever gets into it. Harnesses can be very handy around the house. They're great for many kinds of bondage and visually a real turn on. Worn in public, the effect's usually wild. Turns the crowds on, you know? Oh boy, here's another caution. Be careful when you wear it in public. With all those straps and metal rings, the damned thing can get caught on door knobs, lamp posts, urinal flush knobs, you name it. Nothing worse than being extra butch in a bar in your best harness and then suddenly catching it on something. Bang, you're staring at the wall and seeing like a real jerk. One time I was going through a revolving door and got caught on the handle. My dear! I must have gone around twenty times before I got it unangled. Dizzy for a week. But that's another story.

I think that's about enough on equipment for now. Let's move on to what I call "On The Job Training." By this, I mean those things you can do when you're not in a bar or tricking that will aid you in your continuing search for better knowledge and expertise in S&M. Think of these things as a kind of sado/masochistic isometrics. The whole thing is really a matter of practice, and you should get that practice wherever and whenever you can.

Riding to work on the bus in the morning is a good place to start. You can wait until a particularly crowded bus comes by and then get on. As you shove through the crowd to the back of the coach, try stepping on as many toes as possible. You'll find the variety of facial expressions is truly amazing. The groans and swearing help lighten the mood of all those commuters as well. Actually, you're doing a good deed, bringing a little excitement into their otherwise humdrum lives. Try stepping right down on some lady's foot and then holding it there, while she struggles to pull it out from under your boot. Once she finally manages that, smile benignly and say "Pardon me" in your best voice. She'll be totally fucked up and won't know what to do then. This is good practice for later on, when you find yourself ripping your trick's tit off by mistake and then apologizing for it. Helps if you sound sincere.

Actually, crowded buses provide all kinds of opportunities for S&M practice. Another good one is to stand very close to someone who is sitting about ass level. Turn your back to them and let a really hairy fart. That's right, a real bomber. Then watch the expressions on people's faces, especially the one on your "target." They want to remain anonymous, so they do their level best to ignore it, but you know they can't. This one has provided me with hours of fun riding on the way to work. Sexually, it's good practice as well. It will teach you to ignore the smell of a cock after it's been up a less than clean ass, as well as helping you with that "innocent look" that can be so important at times, like after you've lost all control during a rim job.

All you have to do is think about it a little, and I'm sure you'll be able to come up with your own little practice routines on the way to work and on the way home.

Once you're at the office, there are a lot of things to do as well. Of course, you've got to be most circumspect there. The other people already think you're pretty weird, since the day you came to work with your nose in traction. It's not a good idea to aim your on-the-job practices at other people there. I mean, how many times can you fart at your desk before they're going to get suspicious? Rather, at work, I try to do things that will help become better at S&M, but only things that won't be noticed by anyone else.

For instance, wrapping barbed wire around my waist to increase my pain tolerance. No one's going to notice that as long as you keep your jacket on. Then too, letting your coffee sit until it's stone cold is a good exercise. Drinking that garbage can only help you get used to the taste of a dirty crotch. Nothing is worse than cold coffee.

Don't go to the bathroom until you begin to feel weak. If you're going to get into water sports at all, you had better develop some bladder control. Try not to shit for a couple days while you're at it. For the very heavy numbers into scat, it's most important to be able to deliver a nice steaming load of brown sugar when the moment is right. Along the same line, when you do go to the john, fill up a small jar with piss and drink it slowly during the day. Being able to drink piss is, after all, a cornerstone of S&M. If anyone asks, tell them it's apple juice and don't let them have any!

Wear a butt plug to work. That's a small dildo that straps

around the waist and is held firmly in place during the day. You'll feel like you're getting fucked every time you stand up or sit down, and nobody is going to be the wiser. Makes for a delightful day. Try not to groan or sigh too much — or at least not too often. It's a dead giveaway to those other queens at work.

Hot wire your typewriter. Put people on hold on the phone — now that's really sadistic. Wear shoes that are three sizes too small. Take the seat out of your chair and try sitting on the support pole (that's only good if you have your own office and your secretary is understanding). Bring a bottle of cockroaches to work and then plant them around the office. It's fun to watch the people as they discover the little devils.

There are all kinds of ways you can sharpen your "skills" during the day. Just use your imagination and in no time you'll find yourself thought of as one of the smoothest operators in town.

Finally, speaking of smooth operators, let's spend just a few minutes on bar techniques. In particular, I want to get into how to figure out who means what in the bar. Nothing's worse than bringing up a hot number who turns out to be a total dud, except maybe the cold coffee.

So what do you do? How do you tell if he means what he says? Or doesn't say? It's a tough problem, that's for sure, and there are no absolute positive ways. But there are some things that can be watched for.

For instance, never pick up a guy wearing yards of chiffon. I can safely say, I think, that he is probably not into S&M the way he would have you think. Maybe if it's black — but even then, I doubt it. In fact, avoid any guy wearing anything other than leather or Levis. It's not so much that all S&M'ers wear only those things. Rather, only the ones who know how to play the game wear the uniform. I figure it this way: If they're in a leather bar and not dressing according to code, they're just plain weird and ought to be avoided. Who knows what kind of a creepo comes to that kind of a bar wearing a three-piece and wing tips? Why take a chance? You know what I'm saying?

Okay, so let's say Mr. Wonderful over there is dressed right. So you go over and talk a little shit and see what he's up to. He sounds good, and yet you're not quite sure. One way to tell is just be totally honest and up front with the guy. Just tell him you want to take him home and beat him to death and then fuck his brains out with the vacuum cleaner. If his expression doesn't change and he says "Fine," better think over. For one thing, you may have just bit off more than you can chew. Besides, the fucking vacuum cleaner's broken. I, on the other hand, he runs screaming out the front door, think you can assume he wasn't really interested. What you're looking for here is the "middle ground" answer. He shouldn't be too eager or too bashful. If he asks you what kind of vacuum it is, or whether it's upright or canister, then you may just be in business.

But don't commit yourself quite yet. Better do a little more detective work before you grab him and head out. Try a quick S&M number right there in the bar, just to make sure. Kick him in the nuts maybe. If he doesn't move or blink his eyes once again, you better think it over. Either he's so stoned out he won't be worth a nickel when you get home, or else he lost it in the war. You don't need either one.

If that seems a little extreme, do something a little more discreet. Pull out your cock and piss on his face and chest. As I said, you're watching his reaction now — it's very important. If he doesn't react — this is getting repetitive (and beginning to sound like a lot of my tricks lately . . .). If he says "Lower dear" and blinks his eyes demurely, you just might be in business. If he decks you, you're definitely out of business.

The object here, as I said, is the middle ground. You must constantly watch out for the extremists in this world — if they're too eager or too compliant, watch out. If they say nothing, that's just as bad. You want the guy who can talk about his fetishes, at least a little, the guy who is together enough to tell you he does like a little bondage, but feels having his ears nailed to the wall is a bit too much. Moderation is just as important today as ever.

I know, I also promised you I'd get into what to do until the ambulance comes, once that wonderful evening of bliss has come to an end. Frankly, I was kidding. If you or your number need an ambulance after S&M sex, one of you is doing something wrong — or else you're kickier than I thought.

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S&M GYM

by G.B. MISA

Chapter 6

At 9:04 on the morning of November 29th, Rip Powell, the golden boy of baseball, unlocked the steel cup that encased my aching genitals and I wobbled to the shower, hoping against hope that I'd never ever have to wear the damned chastity belt again. I knew I couldn't blame Rip. He was following the orders of our common master, Killer McKenna. Ever since that day a few weeks ago when I'd kissed Rip (the first time he'd been kissed by a guy) I somehow felt different about him. We became conspirators against the Killer. Late at night in our tiny walk-in closet Rip would unlock my steel cup and we would have wild sex. Rip loved to go to sleep with his tongue up my asshole.

I turned the water on full blast and it felt great on my exhausted body. I'd worked out hard all morning on my upper body, concentrating on my deltoids. I topped off my sweat work with six sets of behind-the-neck-presses with two hundred and fifty pounds. Now I soaped myself but the moment I touched my dick it stood at attention. Christ, it had been two days since Rip had sucked me off in the closet, and I was horny as hell. Shooting my load four times a day had been par for the course, prior to my enforced chastity.

Rip leaned against the shower wall, his hand thrust into his blue bikini. He was playing with those big balls. "Take it easy, Georgie. You know I got orders from Killer. Keep your hands off your dick. If Killer catches you, both of us are in deep trouble!"

"Give me a break, Rip. I gotta wash it off!"

"You're whackin' off!"

"My balls are slimy and I gotta clean out my asshole!"

I blinked my eyes and Killer McKenna was in the shower room, a shit-eating grin on his face. For such a big guy, the son of a bitch moved like a panther. He stood, legs spread wide and stark naked! I knew it wasn't like Killer to be bare assed. He always made sure he wore his sweat pants around me.

"What the fuck's goin' on?"

"Sir... ah... he's soaping up."

I tried to will my hardon away but just the sight of Killer's 225 pounds of rock hard muscle, stacked on his six foot three frame, made my cock even harder.

"Hey, Rip, look at Georgie's cock!"

"It's just a piss-hardon, sir!" Rip apologized for me.

Killer's Irish eyes danced with merriment. "You're a good slave, Rip! You're not a fuckup like Georgie Porgie here!"

I stared at my feet, my heart pounding, feeling like a fool with my dick sticking straight out in front of me. "I'm sorry, sir! I can't help it!"

"Okay! Okay! Even a slave is entitled to a hard on once in awhile!" He slapped me on the back.

I was confused, suspicious. It wasn't like Killer to pat me on the back. What in hell was going on? Why had he come into the shower buck naked? Waves of passion coursed through my body as my eyes feasted on his magnificent body. His jet black hair contrasted with his white skin that was as smooth as a baby's ass. His large green eyes were clear and twinkling. I devoured his body... a purple green vein, like a meandering stream, running down his washboard stomach, finally disappearing into the bush of black hair that surrounded his uncut ten inches of fat cock. His enormous balls hung loose, the left one slightly lower than the right, framed by his thick



powerful legs.

I tried to pull my eyes away from the thick monster between his legs. Desperately I wanted to sink to my knees and suck his dick . . . forever.

Killer's arm shot out and the tattooed black panther (it was distorted by his huge tricep) sprang forward. Killer's open palm slapped hard against the tender flesh of my erect dick. I let out a scream and grabbed my groin as the pain tore at my balls. For a moment I thought I was going to pass out. Then I looked at my cock. It was going soft and flaccid and continued to shrivel in front of my eyes.

"That'll teach you, boy!" He was still grinning as he slapped me hard across the face. The sheer force of his 225 pounds of power knocked me to the wet tile floor. "Can't mark you up, Georgie! After all, the Mr. Bay Area Contest is only a couple weeks away."

Killer stood over me, his legs spread wide. A shiver ran up my spine. His right foot was an inch away from my nose. I wanted to stick out my tongue and lick his big toe; I wanted to lick between each toe. Then I noticed his toenails.

"Sir! Your toenails!" The words popped out of my mouth before I could stop them.

"You wanna chew on 'em, asshole?" He roared with laughter and Rip joined in.

"I'd like to trim them for you, sir!"

Killer shook his head turning away from me. What a beautiful muscular ass he had . . . hoped my ass was getting just like my master's because of my new exercise. I stood straight with 300 pounds hanging behind my neck and slowly I'd bend my torso forward. I'd do four sets of fifteen reps. My other exercise for rock hard buns was to lie on my belly on an exercise bench with a heavy dumbbell (75 pounds) held between my feet and slowly lower my legs until they were parallel to the gym floor. I'd get a workout buddy to tie the weight around my ankles. The first time I did both of the exercises my ass had been sore for a week.

"Over there, Rip! In front of the crapper!"

Quickly Rip grabbed the dirty jock strap and handed it to Killer. "Here, sir!"

"Gonna give you a treat, Georgie Porgie!" Killer's voice was almost kind. "You remember our first workout?"

How could I ever forget it? Dear God, it was burned into my memory like a branding iron. It was the day I was smelling his jock strap . . . he'd caught me and I'd fallen madly in love with Killer McKenna. That was the day I'd given myself to him . . . body and soul. "Yes sir," I answered softly.

"Eat on it!" He threw the jock strap at me, almost as if he was throwing a piece of meat to a lion. I grabbed it and wrapped it around my face, breathing in the animal smell of my master. Involuntarily my hand grabbed my dick and I felt the sticky pre-cum.

His foot shot out, slamming against my ribs. "Your hand . . . away from your cock!"

I don't know how I managed to pull my hand away but I did. One more second and I would've shot my load. There was so much in my balls they felt like they weighed a ton. Yeah, all that power packed cum in my balls from the brewers yeast and dessicated liver! Wow!

"Get the baby in here . . . on the double!" he said to Rip.

Every time Killer mentioned 'the baby' I saw red. I knew he was talking about the blonde teen-ager. I realized that Killer's new slave was the spitting image of his bubble gum chewing ex-wife. All he needed was a fucking dress.

In a flash Rip came running back into the locker room with "the baby." I couldn't believe my eyes. The swishy son of a bitch was wearing velvet flair pants, a see-through shirt cut to the navel with long ruffled sleeves and he smelled of cologne! On top of everything else he was smoking. There was a rule at Killer M. Kenna's Gym. Anyone caught smoking had their membership revoked and they were barred for life. Christ, three dime store rings on his left hand and a jangle of bracelets! Even his eyebrows were plucked!

"Good morning, Big Wheel!" He minced over to Killer and gave him a quick peck on the mouth.

Big Whee's Sir . . . wondered what Killer's pet name was for him. I wanted to murder the little fag. He was a walking cliche of what a real queen was like.

"Morning, Peri. Killer playfully squeezed the kid's left tit. "How'd you sleep?"

"Divinely . . . divinely!" The kid wet his lips a la Marilyn

Monroe. "I'll bet you can't guess what we're having for brunch?"

"Whatever it is, I know it'll be terrific!"

"Eggs benedict, Big Wheel!"

Killer's hand was on the kid's ass, his index finger pressing at his bunghole. "What an ass! If you were a cunt I'd eat you . . ."

"Ooooooo! I just adore sex in the morning, don't you?" The little fart grabbed Killer's ten inches. "I've got this Egyptian book on the 101 positions of anal intercourse. After the eggs benedict, love?"

"Fuck the eggs benedict!" Killer grabbed him by his blonde hair, forcing him to his knees, and violently jammed his ten inches of dick down the kid's throat. Killer was like a jack rabbit. He rammed it home two or three times, pulled it out and the thick gism splattered on the kid's forehead, dribbling down his nose, his chin and his neck.

"Get the fuck outa here, asshole!" Killer snarled at 'the Baby.' "I want ham and eggs for breakfast . . . six eggs, over light! You got that?"

"I just thought . . ." the kid whined. He pulled a lace hankie from his back pocket.

"Don't think, shithead! Get into the fuckin' kitchen!"

"Yes, Big Wheel!"

Killer picked up the pint sized queen by the scruff of the neck and threw him across the locker room. "On the double . . . and no more of this Big Wheel bullshit!"

"I . . . I . . . I'm sorry, sir!" The Baby scuttled out of the locker room like a stray dog with its tail between its legs.

"Eggs benedict," Killer cursed. "The little prick. What the fuck do I have to do to get a decent slave? Nothin' but fuck-ups! Shit!"

I was grinning from ear to ear. I couldn't help it. The little fag was finally getting what he deserved.

"You feel pretty good, huh, Georgie?" Killer smiled.

"Ah . . . yes sir!"

"Then put this in your pipe and smoke it! You are no longer Slave Number One! Rip Powell is now number one!"

For a second I thought I was going to black out. How in hell could Killer be so sadistic? How could he do this to me, after all I'd done for him? I couldn't hold back the tears. Despite myself, I began to cry.

Killer's laugh reverberated through the tiled shower room. He moved closer and then the thick stream of piss splashed against my chest, hot and salty. He grabbed my hair and aimed it at my mouth and it gurgled down my throat. Swirls of neon reds—green—soft blues poured into my body . . . into the very essence of my soul . . . a kaleidoscope of hot, passionate colors, swirling and crashing like tidal waves against my body. I let out a scream and I came and came and came . . . a fountain of boiling out gism . . . splashing over my shoulder, on my chest, my belly button and finally just dribbling into my pubic hair. It seemed an eternity of absolute joy.

Killer shook his head in wonder. "Looks like you're still hung up." He winked at me, proud of his power. "Well, I guess you've paid your dues. No more chastity belt. Rip, wash out the steel cup and put it away."

"Yes sir!"

Killer turned away. "Rip, see that Georgie cleans the toilets and swabs down the decks. We open in exactly twenty-nine minutes!"

After I cleaned the locker room and opened the gym I practiced my posing routine for a couple of hours. My model for posing was Arnold Schwarzenegger. I'd gotten special permission to leave the gym so I could sit through PUMPING IRON five times. At the fifth sitting I finally understood the magic of Arnold. It was not that he was a master of showing off his body to the best possible advantage. It was much more than that! Beyond his poise and confidence was his ability to groove on the audience grooving on him. I knew that the majority of the audience would be gay and I'd have to turn them on sexually.

Actually, what Schwarzenegger did was really a psychic gang bang. Literally he fucked every guy and gal in the audience with his magnificent body. He dominated their sexual fantasies. He told them, "Yes, I'm available. Here is my beautiful body. Let's you and I agree to love my body!"

I knew that if I could pose a la Schwarzenegger at the Mr. Bay Area Contest I'd win the title, despite the fact there would be older bodybuilders with better developed bods.

than mine.

Now . . . as I posed, I concentrated on my imaginary audience telling them, commanding them to love my body. The key was for me to get a hard on while I was posing and reach that mystical plain where the audience and I would have an orgasm together. Try as I could, I couldn't get an erection. I guess it took concentration and practice.

My mind turned to Franco Columbu, Schwarzenegger's workout buddy. He actually had a more developed body than the blond giant. Most people thought Columbu always placed second because of his body, but I knew better.

Columbu . . . Columbu . . . so short and stocky . . . so virile in his own Italian way . . . the chin stuck out cockily . . . the flashing dark eyes . . . my mind whirled back to Toolie . . . yes, he reminded me of Franco with his sullen dark eyes . . . the black hair . . . the animal intensity . . . the flashing white teeth contrasting with his olive skin. Dad and I had moved from Modesto to Santa Cruz on the Pacific. I was a freshman in high school and I sat across from Toolie in English Lit. even though he was a senior. He had flunked the course two years in a row. I was fascinated by him. His smouldering eyes would single out a girl and I'd hear later that Toolie had made another conquest. But then he'd drop the girl like a hot potato and look for his next conquest.

Toolie was a gymnast and he had the most perfect body I'd ever seen. I saw him naked in the shower for the first time and I had to turn away and grab for my towel as I got an instant erection. Then I felt a sharp sting on my butt. I whirled around, holding my towel in front of my crotch. Toolie had snapped me with a towel. He grinned and then winked at me. I blushed as I quickly ran to my locker.

Toolie never said a word to me but he was a sensual animal and he knew. One day I was in the darkened cloak room putting on my jacket when strong arms grabbed me in a vice like grip. I was shoved to the floor with my face slammed into a hot crotch. "You know you want to suck my dick, Georgie!" The voice was gravelly and familiar. Then the strong arms were gone and I lost my balance, sprawling on my back. A shaft of light as the cloak room door was pushed open. I was sure it was Toolie but I couldn't see his face. Toolie was seventeen and already had a heavy beard. The scuttlebutt was that he had started screwing girls when he was nine years old. Someone said that before he was nine he was fucking chickens.

It happened during the Easter vacation. It was one of the first really hot days in Santa Cruz. I'd just finished delivering the last paper on my route and was walking toward the boardwalk as I knew there would be a crowd on the beach. The purple Hudson pulled up to the curb with a screech of brakes. The car was famous because it was a classic that Toolie had fixed up with his buddy, Bronco. They had advertised Hudsons as "The car you stepped down into . . . built low on the road." Just to get a ride in Toolie's car was considered an honor.

"Stop in kid! I'm gonna give you a break!" Toolie's smouldering eyes bored into me and I blushed again. Toolie reached down between his legs and grabbed his dick. He grinned wickedly as he turned to Bronco. "Let Georgie in the middle, Bronco. I think he's cute, don't you?"

"A doll," Bronco snickered. "You think he's got a prick or a pussy between his legs?"

Toolie winked at Bronco. "What difference does it make?"

Bronco Luzinski. He was the star of the soccer team. I'd spent hours and hours watching Bronco play soccer. I went out to watch his hairy, muscular legs and I had fantasies of Bronco wrapping those legs around my neck and jamming his dick down my throat. I knew those dreams were wrong and that somehow I was different than all the other kids, but I couldn't help myself. And here I was with both of them. Evidently Bronco had just come from practice as he was dripping with sweat and still wearing his dirty soccer shorts. I got a hard on just from the smell of him and I had to force myself not to look at his bare legs.

"Where you headed for, man?" Toolie's jaw had a pugnacious tilt to it, like a fighter daring someone to take a punch at him.

"Just fartin' around," I mumbled. Toolie's leg was pressed hard against mine. It was a burning hot day and he wasn't wearing a shirt. I watched a rivulet of sweat run through the thick black hair on his chest and down to his belly button. I wanted to lick off the sweat but instead I stared straight

ahead.

"You wanna tool over to Juanita's?" Bronco asked. "We can knock off a quickie!"

"Shit, man, that bitch's got a fuckin' hole like the Grand Canyon."

"Still hairy pussy, Toolie!"

Toolie grabbed his dick. "This mother fucker . . . never goes down. Son of a bitch."

"Guess you're right about Juanita." Bronco mumbled.

"I dunno." Toolie was still playing with his dick. Christ, I could see the head of it sticking out of his trunks. It was fat and glistening with pre-cum. I gulped, pulling my eyes away.

"That fuckin' Juanita — she gives good head!" Now Bronco was playing with himself. I thought I was going crazy with desire.

Suddenly Toolie leered at me. "You got any suggestions, kid?"

"A . . . Ah . . . about what?" My heart jumped into my throat. I saw the predatory look on his face.

I hadn't paid any attention to where we were driving. We were on a dirt road along the coast moving south and suddenly Toolie swerved the Hudson off the main road and slammed on the brakes. We were on top of a cliff overlooking the Pacific. The sun was settling into the water, creating a golden highway across the glass-like surface. Toolie jumped out of the car and stood on the edge of the cliff. Then he whirled around. "You a good cocksucker, kid?"

"Ah . . . a good . . . what?"

My knees were shaking as Toolie pulled down his trunks. His fat dick slapped against his belly as he grabbed his balls. His smouldering eyes were somehow cruel. "Chow down, kid!"

I couldn't keep my eyes away from that big dick. It was a dark brown with a wide pisshole. "I never done nothin' like that before!"

"Cut the shit!" His arm shot out, grabbing the back of my neck, forcing my head toward his drooling prick. I was frightened. Sure, I'd made it with my Dad but that was different. It was just something that happened. I knew I wasn't really like that. I knew I wasn't a queer. And I knew if I sucked off Toolie I'd be labeled a cocksucker by every guy in the school.

"I ain't no cocksucker!" I snarled. His drooling cock was an inch away from my face as I slammed my shoulder into his legs and knocked him on his back. I could see the surprise on his face. Jumping to my feet I made a run for it but Bronco was too quick for me. He tackled me and I sprawled on the sand. I knew I was trapped. Bronco was holding me down with one hand. Hell, he was almost twice as big as me. Toolie's dick was half hard as he moved toward me. He slapped me hard across the face. "You little cocksucker! You think I don't see you in class . . . staring at my fuckin' crotch! You're gonna suck it . . . right now!"

He turned to Bronco. "You go first. I wanna watch!"

Bronco went into action immediately. My head jerked back as he spun me around like a top and my face was pressed hard into his sweaty soccer shorts. "Pull 'em down, creep!" he ordered.

He clenched his fists and I pulled down his shorts quickly. He slammed my head against the dirty jock strap. I could feel his cock stiffen.

"Make him kiss your ass!" Toolie shouted excitedly.

The next thing I knew my head was jerked back. I blinked and when I looked Bronco was bent over, still wearing his jock strap. Just the sight of his beautiful ass framed by the white straps drove me wild. I thought I was going to shoot off on the spot as he spread his muscular cheeks and I could see his quivering hole. Without any help from Toolie I shoved my face deep into his asshole. "Eat it, baby! Eat it!" he groaned.

I went crazy. I was like a starving man at his first meal in a month as my tongue dug deeply into his sweaty asshole. Unconsciously I'd pulled out my dick and was whacking away. Then Bronco turned around, pulled down his jock strap and his seven inches of dark meat slapped against my face and shot off. The first batch of come hit my ear. Quickly I grabbed the thick shaft and hungrily sucked at the hot gism. He grabbed the back of my head and slammed his dick all the way down my throat. I thought I was going to throw up. My hands went to his thick, muscular ass and I actually pushed his dick down my throat and stuffed his balls into my mouth.

"Fuckin' great cocksucker!" He pulled his dick out of my mouth and a second later Toolie's dick was pile driving down my throat. Quickly he pulled it out and shoved my face into his burning hot balls. I tasted the sweat and now my tongue moved downward to Toolie's waiting asshole. I was beginning to love sucking and fucking ass. I could feel his hole relax as I shoved my tongue deep inside.

"I'm fucking comin'... I'm fuckin' comin'!"

He whirled around just in time to slam his dick all the way down my throat.

AGHHH SHITFUCKIN' GREAT DICK-SUCKER AGHHHH

I shot my load all over the sand but still my arms were wrapped around Toolie's ass, holding his dick deep in my throat. The queer son of a bitch don't wanna stop! He kicked me over into the sand. "Fuckin' pre-ver!"

Bronco laughed evilly. "You were right about him, Toolie. You know, he swallowed our cum?"

"If he has a baby we won't know whose it is!"

Both of them fell to the sand, roaring with laughter. Finally Toolie spoke. "Get outa them pants!"

My heart was beating rapidly as I kicked off my pants. I knew what was coming next. It would be the same thing Dad had done to me. "On your back!" Toolie was on top of me. He flipped my legs over his muscular shoulders, spit on his hand, applied it to the fat head of his dick and I let out a scream as his huge weapon's aimed deep into my guts.

"Shit, you're fuckin' him just like Juanita!" Bronco sounded shocked.

His iron hard dick fucked me like a jack hammer. I could feel the rapture building up in my stomach, screaming to be released. Toolie was moaning and groaning and then I felt his lips against my neck, his tongue biting into my flesh. "Oh, fuck, oh, shit!" He moaned.

Suddenly his mouth was on mine and his tongue was deep in my throat.

"You're fuckin' kissin' the God damned queer!" Bronco screamed. "You're kissin' the faggot!"

Toolie's body jerked crazily and both of us shot off at the same time. I closed my eyes, in total ecstasy.

Toolie's whisper was barely audible. "Tomorrow evening . . . behind the gym . . . seven o'clock. Got that?" His lips were touching my ear.

"I got it," I whispered back.

Toolie stood up, pulling on his trunks. "Take it easy, cocksucker," he said, and then he winked at me. "Hope you get home okay!"

A moment later the purple Hudson disappeared down the dirt road. I smiled. The sun had disappeared into the Pacific and I felt a chill as I pulled on my pants. I walked along the dirt road until I came to the paved highway leading back to Santa Cruz. I got a ride right away. That was the beginning.

My body was aching from concentrating on my posing routine. I knew I needed more work on my abdominal muscles. They lacked thickness and definition. I realized I'd never win the Mr. Bay Area Contest and the Grand Prize . . . a night of wild sex with Killer McKenna . . . unless I got my stomach in championship condition. With some bodybuilders the abs are easy to develop because they have thin skin. Their abs get definition easily. But I have thick skin. So I spent the next four doing four sets of three hundred sit-ups on an incline board with fifteen pounds held behind my neck.

Georgie, get your ass in here!" It was Killer calling me on the intercom. He was pacing back and forth behind his desk and I could tell he was madder than hell. His hand was inside his sweat pants and he was playing with his giant balls.

"I can't figure the son of a bitch out." He nervously scratched his chest. "Here's this queer son of a bitch . . . he wants to fuck for the night and he wants a slave like you. Can't figure the asshole out!"

I had the faintest idea of what Killer was talking about but was better than to ask.

"George, get into your street clothes!" Now Killer was nervous, clutching his nose.

"But you . . . answered. "I really don't have"

"You giving me static, asshole?"

"You took my clothes away from me, Master!"

"I did?" His hand was back into his sweat pants, scratching his balls.

"You took them away from me when I was your one and

only slave, sir!"

I was really mad at Killer. How could he demote me to Slave Number Two? Shit, in three months I'd turned the Killer McKenna Gym from a losing proposition into the most popular gym in the bay area. I had proved to him that I was the best salesman in town.

"Okay. Rip'll get your clothes!" He finally sat in the chair behind his new desk, his legs spread wide. I could see the outline of his ten inches of uncut meat.

"Georgie, in exactly fifteen minutes Mr. Alastair Ames' limousine will pick you up and take you to his estate in Hillsborough. Mr. Ames put up the money so I could start this gym and I owe him a lot. I didn't know he was queer until this afternoon. If you don't turn him on all of us could be out on our asses. You got that?"

"Yes sir. I got it!"

"I tried to find out if he was S or M but he wouldn't give me a clue." His finger was digging at his nose again. "Take your time . . . try to figure the son of a bitch out . . . what he really digs. If you guess wrong . . . our goose's cooked!"

"I'll do my best, sir!"

It felt strange getting into my blue jeans. They didn't fit. They were loose around my waist and my thickened legs barely got into them. I wondered if Mr. Ames would be some rich old fart and I was scared he wouldn't turn me on. I wouldn't make a good hustler as I can't get a hard on unless I dig the person. As I moved across the lobby and to the glass doors I tried to remain calm. I was scared to death that I was going to blow the set-up for Killer.

I took deep breaths of the breeze coming from the ocean as the black limousine glided up a huge hill. Then we were on the freeway headed south for Hillsborough, the wealthiest community in the Bay Area. I stared out the window at the full moon and the diamond stars. It was great being away from the gym for the first time in three months.

It seems to happen suddenly in the Bay Area . . . one second a corn colored full moon and then it was gone. The rain splattered against the shiny hood of the limousine and surprisingly, the windshield wipers squeaked as they pushed at the raindrops. There was a clap of thunder and a quick flash of lightning as we stopped in front of the imposing iron gates. I was blinded by a light directly in my eyes. A gruff voice barked, "It's the kid!"

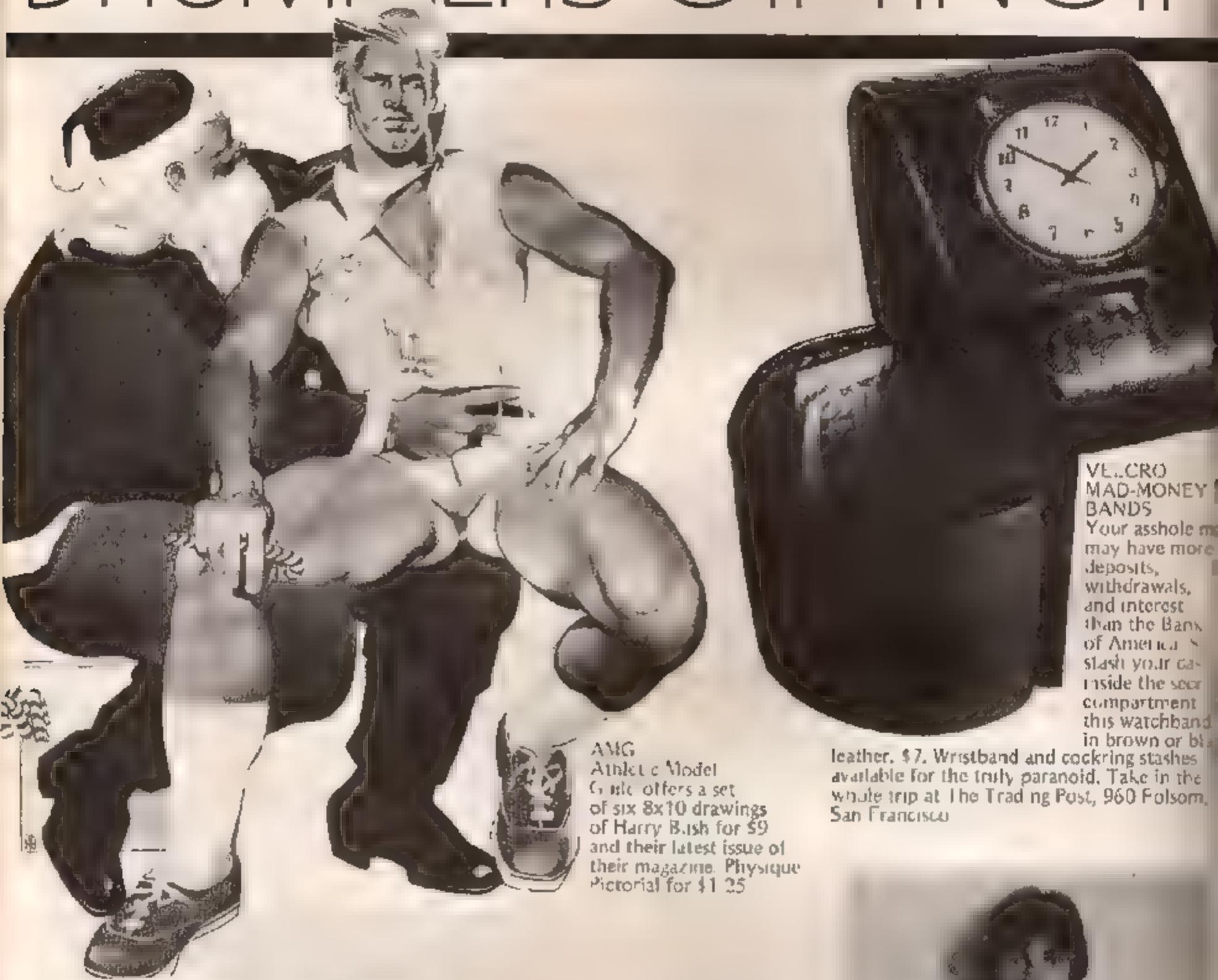
The gates swung open silently and as we entered the estate there was a cloudburst. Still the only sounds were the squeaky windshield wipers and the pounding rain. I shivered as we drove up the winding road to the imposing colonial mansion. Then deep growls and dark shadows circling the limousine. Russian wolfhounds. There must have been at least ten of them. Now they jumped at the car. One monster stood on his hind legs staring in the window. I wondered what in hell I was getting myself into. Christ, was my John going to be Bela Lugosi?

The white haired chauffeur opened the door for me. Eyeing the wolfhounds I didn't move from my seat. There was a flash of lightning and my heart almost stopped. He was a giant of a man and he was standing at the top of the stone steps. He appeared to be at least seven feet tall. He wore construction boots a leather jock strap with a zipper down the center of it and he held a bull whip in his right hand. The rain pelted his massive body. He was motionless, like some wax figure in Madame Tussaud's Museum and then he cracked the bull whip and the Russian wolfhounds ran up the stone steps and lined up behind him, like a row of obedient soldiers.

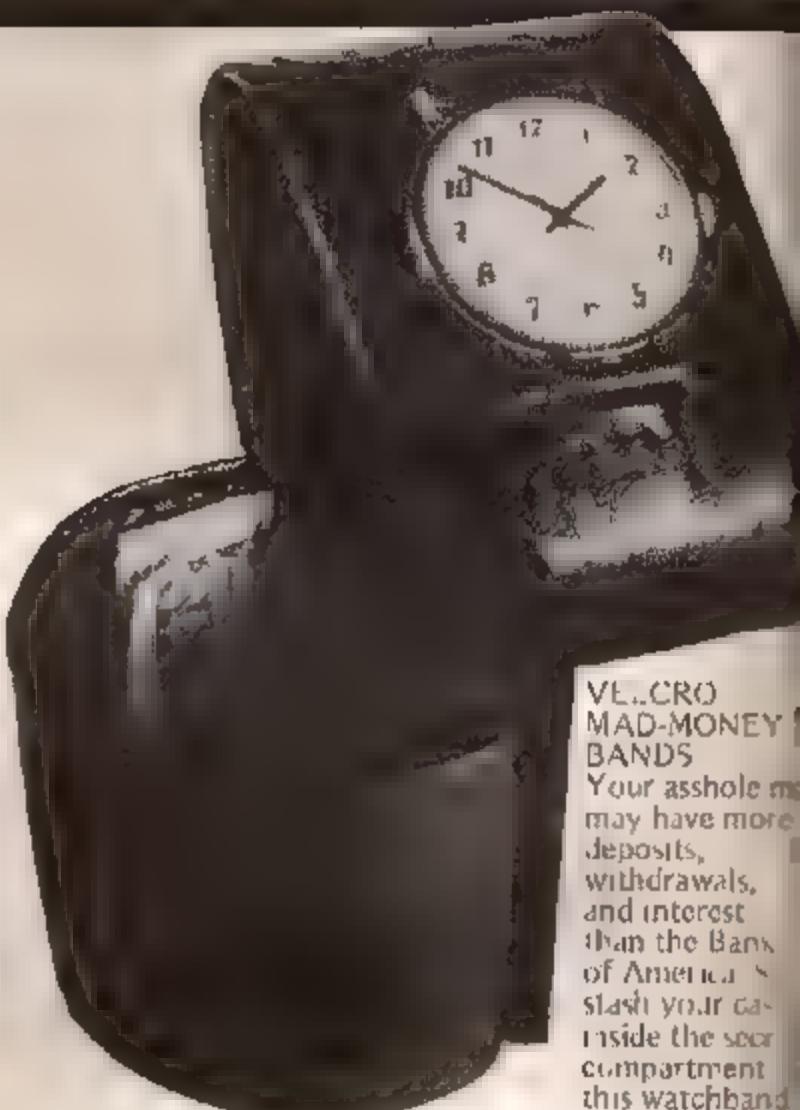
I got out of the car and walked up the stone steps. I realized the giant wasn't seven feet tall. He was about six foot eight and he must've weighed about 285 and he was in superb condition. He was breathing heavily as I approached him. I realized he was in a state of sexual excitement. His mouth was slightly open and his eyes were half closed. He reached down and unzipped the black leather jock strap. It flopped out. It looked as if it was at least 12 inches and it was only half hard. He leered down at me. He cracked the bullwhip in the air as saliva dribbled down his chin. "On your knees, slave," he rumbled.

S&M GYM to be continued . . .

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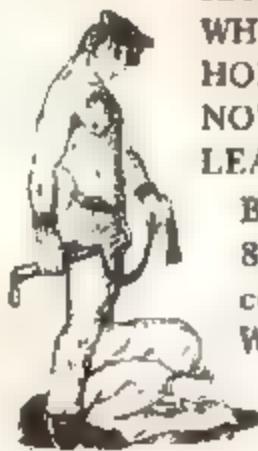
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DUTY STATIONS

a love poem in symbols

Preface

The following stanzas are stations. It is your duty to read them. Listen to them good and hard. They are symbols, they are commands.

Nothing that follows must be analysed or complicated. You have no right to search for "mysterious" meanings in it. Something may be revealed to you, but you must not pretend you have found the meaning. Simply read what is written. Watch the symbols, follow what the verse tells you. The gift of this poem is the beauty of a huge cock - awesome, terrible, fantastic thing to hold

A WARNING FROM OSCAR.

"All art is at once surface and symbol.
Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.
Those who read the symbol do so at their peril."

— from Preface to *Dorian Gray*

I. BOOTCAMP

"The Marines are looking for a few good men."

— U.S.M.C. recruiting slogan

I must've been eight or nine when,
like a fated day in Bethlehem,
I went to the movies and saw
Marlon Brando in Leather
(the old Yale theatre in my home town used to show those
classics before it was popular to do so. I saw "The
Wild Ones" sometime in the late fifties on the screen)
And James Dean.

"O Saving Victim open wide!"
A generation by Messiah Magic
dreamt of that black skin, that deadly skin,
that cornered animal engine,
that warm, thick grease.

II. HAIRCUT

All things followed in religious procession after that;
What the jockstraps and the sneakers held
The t-shirts and the jeans.
What powerful legs burst into sweating, heavy crotches
from roots of hiking boots.
And sailors' easy, horny dreams.
All things tight and bulging,
the torment of veils,
the deadly afternoon kiss of tabernacles . . .
Cowboys screw their partners on the sunset, coffee-lit plains,
and sailors give handjobs to marines.

"Wait till you see the wang I got down my ole parts . . . ah!
There baby, look at it, all big an hot — go ahead, touch it!
Make it feel real good. I just like ta feel good down there."

III. BUYING YOUR FIRST LIGHTER AT THE PX

Moose Wang
They called the dumb, hard muscled blond farmboy —
Moose Wang

The way it hung there, sort of thrust out, then down,
when he sat in the sauna at the gym, was enough of a reason
to call him that.
Ritual is Innocence.

All young boys like clothes that show them off
that new chest,
that hot thing between their legs that at twelve or thirteen
starts causing their eyes to go blank with pleasure when alone
in their Holy rooms. The genius and purity of things revealed.

IV. CAUGHT WITH YOUR CRANK IN YOUR HAND BY THE D.I.

"And it's you my love, you who are the Stranger . . ." — Leonard Cohen

Oceans pound in and up through stone . . .

Slam! — the question

Slam! — the answer

Slam! — the hardon

Slam! — the oblivion

Fists then, and heavy, hairy arms.

Tonight the sea turns and groans like a horny marine
in his rack.

I can see the white spew up. I hear the hard slam —
and the s.gh.

All things have their turn heaving high like straining hips.

The sea, well greased, leather and sweating,
as any Prometheus chained to those California cliffs,
the balls are gently licked, savoring the smell of salt water,
or any San Diego sailor bound to chrome handlebars

His dream — the sea, his Master
greased and ocean-hard lover,
and deep within his hot young flesh, down there burns

and slams the ocean arm.

I see the white spray after the thunder, burst

up between the rocks.

Dark old passions such as these.

Dark old passions such as these.

V MAKING THEM CRAWL THROUGH THE MUD

"And I'm gonna shove that knife right down yo' throat . . ." — Mick Jagger

This right here! Eat it all up baby, that's right, chew on it,
baby . . . chew on that big ole root baby.

Open that ass up, baby,
real wide, motherfucker, amaze me motherfucker, amaze me,
right . . . up . . . to the . . . elbow, Baby . . . ah! Baby.

Here, take a hit of this, baby . . .

AND NOW

As Palm strewn Sundays lead to betrayal,
and we learn to hate what we become,
I found myself at The Eagle.

"If you're man enough to take it."

Intensely excited over the crucifixion of Marlon Brando
Marines handcuffed. Sailors tied. Jocks bound up
My own insides pricked and burned
by toys I could never understand
Tearing the veil only increases its number —
two veils instead of one.
Farther and deeper is what I think
I must've sought to become.

VI. NO LONGER A SLIME, PUTTING ON DRESS BLUES

"I am the gash and the blade!

I am the punch and the jaw!

I am the limbs and the rack,

the victim and the torturer!

I am my own heart's Vampire . . ."

— Baudelaire

Underneath a werewolf druidic moon
on cliffs like Egyptian monuments
and by the sea

(which is all pounding inside of me, pressurized)

I finally sank down into the sand beneath you.

Above me, (what is the secret thing of top and bottom?)

Your frame, tail, and bone,

nothing on it but flesh and muscle, like a Durer etching,

(that is your mystery),

Your hand fed a ten inch dreamt of hunk of flesh

down my throat,

Your balls, big and heavy, swinging low,

smacked against my jaw with no harm,

except in their intention.

Hey there! Come on down and see us sometime!

Any time is a good time. But if you
come to see us between now and
Dec. 15th, we'll give you a two
dollar discount on your admission.

Come swim in our pool, taking
dippin' anyone? Sun yourself in
our sunloungers or in our

steam room or in our sauna. You
probably thought the saunas were just

lean towels and a steam room.

Well, one is not like the other.

Certainly show you that the things

have changed so write in now and

we'll send you a discount ticket good

until December 15th. Hurry

up, we'll be expecting you!

club
miami
in florida



Okay I'm coming down — give me the two
bucks!

NAME _____

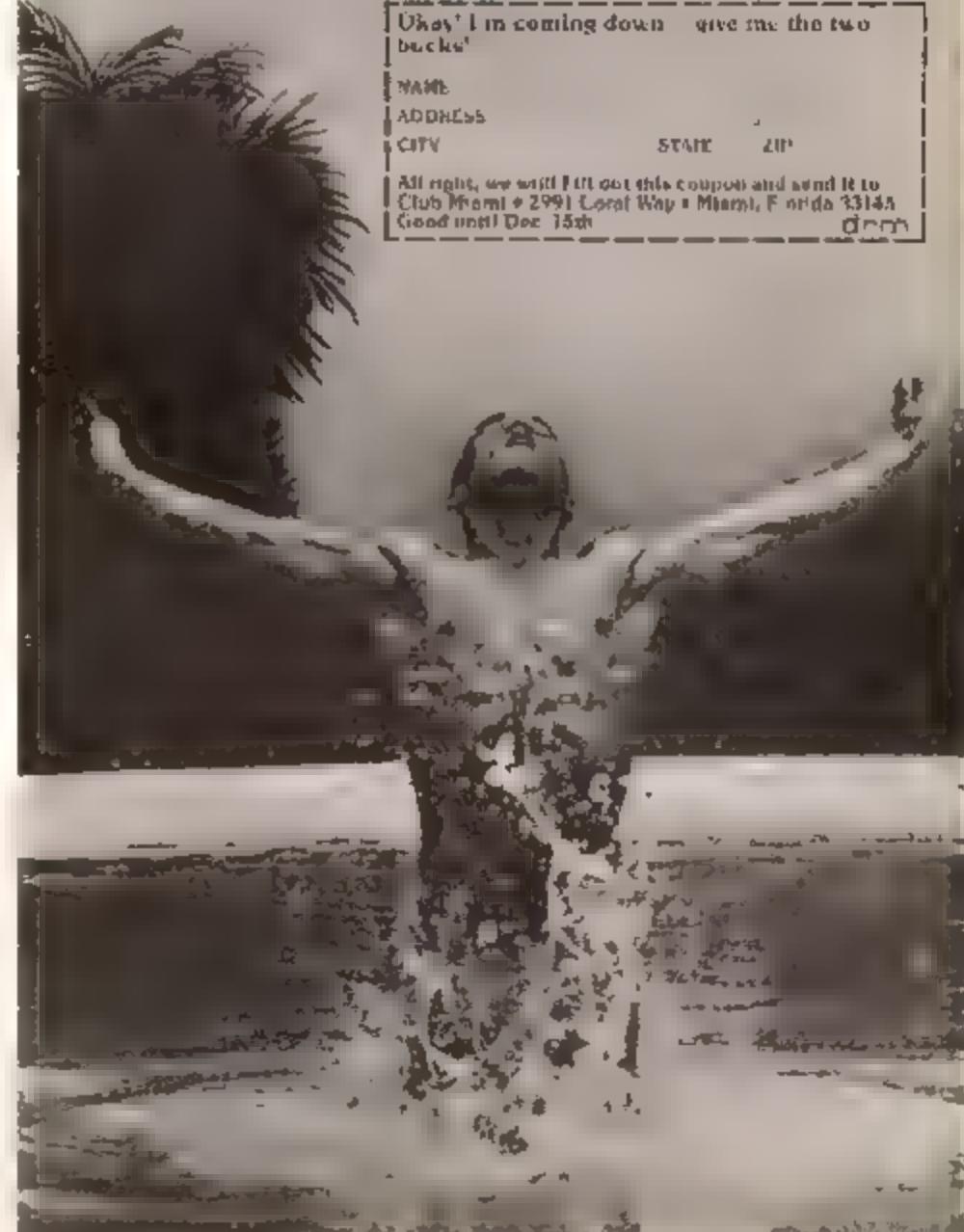
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All right, we will fill out this coupon and send it to
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dmh





Fred Halsted in a scene from the new porn film "El Paso Wrecking Co."

FRED HALSTED

SARDONIS is the God of Sado-Masochism. I met a witch at a GSF meeting (of all places) and he talked to me after I spoke. He said he saw SARDONIS's aura over mine at the meeting. We had a rap about this and he told me how to chant and open myself to the God's power. I did the next day as I smoked a joint before I worked out. There is one man I wanted to see and couldn't. Well the next day he called.

Dennis (my big cop buddy) called and said he would like to see me again that evening. I said anytime anywhere! God damn, I got excited real fast . . . I've been obsessed with this big stud ever since I first met him.

Several hours later his Porsche roars up my driveway and my saliva starts to drip from the corners of my mouth. Dennis feels that I am real nervous and so he calls me right away by ordering me on my knees as soon as he walks into the house. I get down real fast and start blowing into his crotch through his levis and realize I am in heaven. Dennis has to piss and tells me to open my mouth . . . well I sort of start to shake but do what

he says . . . I've never before drank another man's piss . . . but Dennis isn't another man . . . he is man! He reaches into his pants and pulls out his big thick meat and I go right down on it. I can feel his piss working up through his groin and then my mouth is filled with the hot liquid. I start to swallow as fast as I can because right away his piss is pouring out of my mouth and over my body. I gulp as fast as I can trying to savor every drop but he is faster than me. I choke on it because there is so much and the taste is new to me but he just keeps pissing . . . he stops for a moment and tells me to "drink all your man's piss, cocksucker" and I say "Yes, Sir!" and eagerly await more . . . which comes right away . . . it is pouring into me and then he takes his cock out of my open mouth and pisses all over my face, hair and clothes. I just open my mouth wider and swallow quickly so I can get every drop possible. He then tells me I was good and I say "thank you, Sir!" and fall to the floor suddenly exhausted.

Later he is sitting back on the bed and I am licking his naked hairy legs and cleaning his toes with my teeth as Dennis raps about some exhibitionistic trips. I suggest we go do them and not talk about them . . . he really gets off in public and I remember our hot scene in a western straight bar in El Monte the first time I saw him. He says he's hungry and let's go get something to eat. Fine with me, but I don't want to go into a restaurant and knowing how his head works I suggest we go to Tiny Naylor's Drive In at Sunset and La Brea. It's a Thursday night about 11 PM now. We pull into the half deserted place in his Porsche. There's about 10

other cars and we park by those palm trees. A big blond waitress starts over to the car. I reach over and unbutton Dennis's levis and lean over and start sucking on his big joint. Dennis likes this as the waitress comes over with menus, he rolls down the window and she hands in the menus. . . . suddenly stopping in mid-track as she sees me sucking on his cock. Nothing said. I hear him ordering a French dip (which sounded appropriate and she writes it down and walks away. I raise up and he says "she's gonna call the cops". I say "let's watch and see what happens." Well, she goes to her window and seems to order the sandwich . . . then back to her station and stares at us. Then she starts back to the car and I go back to sucking on his cock. Man, it tastes real good and I'm very glad to have it in my mouth. I hear her come back to his window and hear his deep voice that seems to come from the bowels of the earth. I look up after she leaves and it seems she brought us some glasses of water. Well, we get a lot of personal service from this broad and Dennis gets a lot of good service from me. This play continues while Dennis satisfies his appetite for French Dip and then I hear him start the car. Well I raise up and Dennis says I guess we should go back and the drive in was real good. I suggest that since he hasn't got his nut yet he might want to try another scene. Well it seems he is real turned on and says sure. I say make a right at Nichols Canyon and soon we are winding our way up that hillside canyon that is in the middle of Hollywood. I show him where to park and we soon are out of the car. He says what's the trip now? I take off all my clothes as he leaves his on. He follows me to the double white line in the center of the road . . . and there I drop on my knees and he comes over and mounts my eager face again. Cars are driving up the road and soon we are aware of flashing lights as the cars at first don't realize what they are seeing. They do soon enough as they swerve out of the way and blast their horns. None of this bothers me or Dennis. He gets real excited about being brown on the center line of Nichols Canyon and his dick gets even bigger and harder. He likes it a lot. I'm sucking the best I can as some more cars drive by blinking, honking and yelling out a few incredulous remarks. Dennis is so hot he soon comes and shoots his big hot load straight down my throat, grabbing my hair to force his cock down even farther into my, oh so willing, throat. We quickly make for his sportscar after he has shot his load and peal out of there as now we both feel one of the car drivers surely is calling the cops. I told him it didn't bother me if I get busted. I was arrested last year at Drummer's Slave Auction and spent some time in jail with the hottest men in the city. We're laughing as we speed down from the canyon, and I'm feeling in heaven as I can still taste his come mixing with his piss in my body. As we pull up to my place Dennis has to split . . . but I again remind him of my truck and the possibilities it allows. I had just acted in a film called "El Paso Wrecking Corp" (the sequel to Kansas City Trucking Co.) and we certainly made good use of it in that hot film!

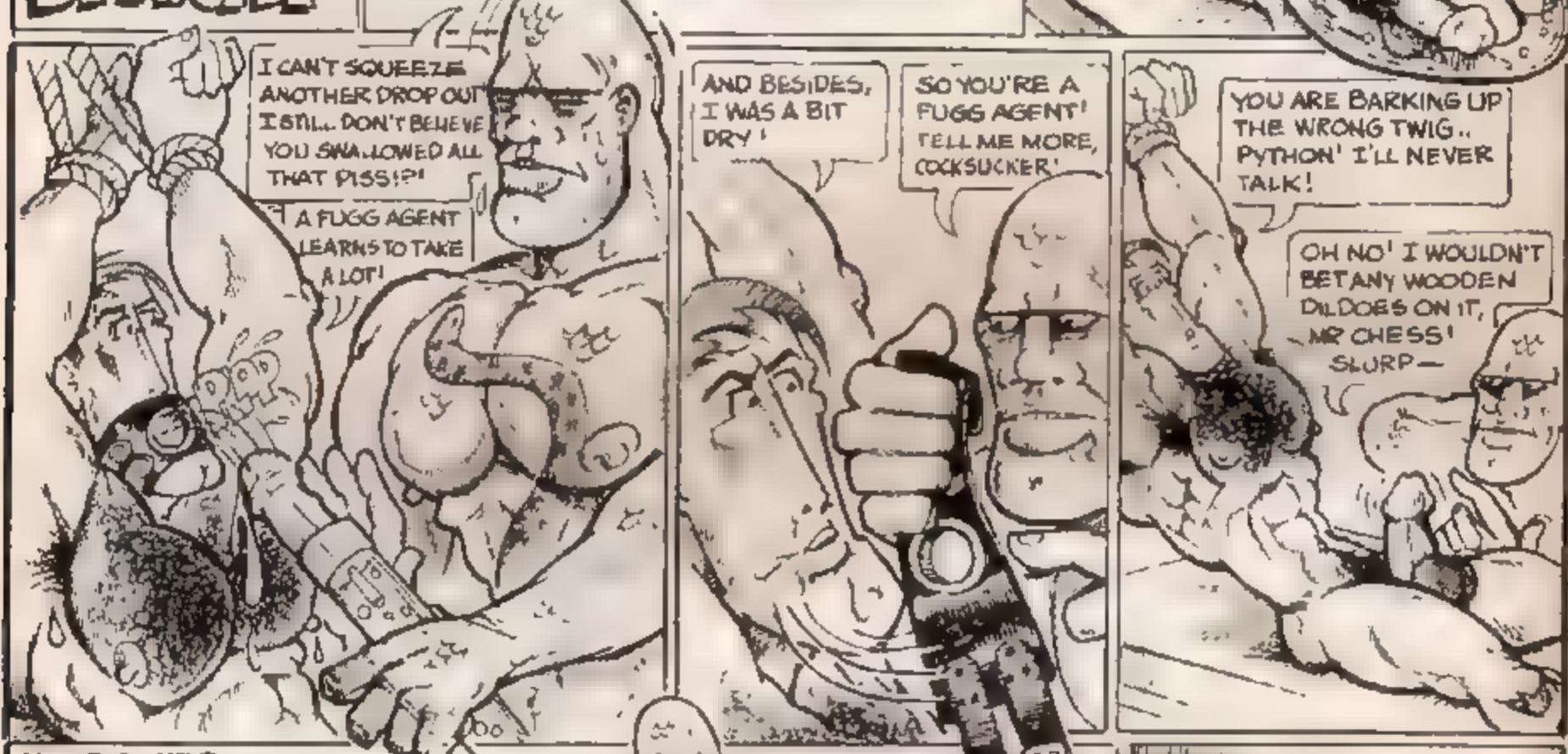
ASS-LICKIN'-GOOD
COMICS
PRESENTS

HARRY CHESS VS THE PYTHON BY A. JAY

GREAT GOBS OF CLAMMY CUM... IN OUR LAST BREATHLESS EPISODE, HARRY CHESS HAD FALLEN INTO THE CRUEL CLUTCHES OF THE PYTHON! TO RECANIT A HAIR (PUBIC) OUR FUGG AGENT, ALONG WITH RANCID AGNEW AND MICKEY MUSCLE, WAS HEADING BACK TO HARRY'S LAIR WITH THE PRECIOUS CLASSIFIED AD FILE FROM "FAROUT FAGS" PUBLICATION. THE FILE WAS THEIR ONLY HOT LEAD IN THE MYSTERIOUS RASH OF GAY COCKPUMPER MURDERS. AFTER A SHORT BIZARRE INCIDENT WITH A LIVE PYTHON IN THE BACK SEAT OF HARRY'S SPORT COUPE... HARRY NOTICED THAT THEY WERE BEING SHADOWED! AFTER BREAKING SUDDENLY AND TAKING COVER IN A DARK ALLEY, OUR THREESOME WAITED FOR A CHANCE TO ZAP THEIR SINISTER TAIL! BUT AS THE FICKLE FINGER OF FUCK WOULD HAVE IT... HE SHANGHAIED HARRY FIRST!! SO - WE LEFT OUR HAPLESS HERO STRUNG UP IN THE PYTHON'S PERSUASION CHAMBER... BEING FED LOADS OF NASTY PISS VIA THE PYTHON'S POLISH PISS GAG AND THROAT HOSE! WILL HARRY SWALLOW THE GALLONS OF COCK JUICE AND BUCKLE UNDER THE PYTHON'S SADISTIC INTERROGATION? STAY PLUGGED IN AND READ ON —

AS MINUTES PASS —

SONOFABITCH... I'VE ENPIED MY FUCKIN' BLAT - AND THIS TURD IS STILL DRINKIN' IT DOWN! HE SHOULD BE FILLED TO THE BRIM BY NOW



MINUTES LATER —

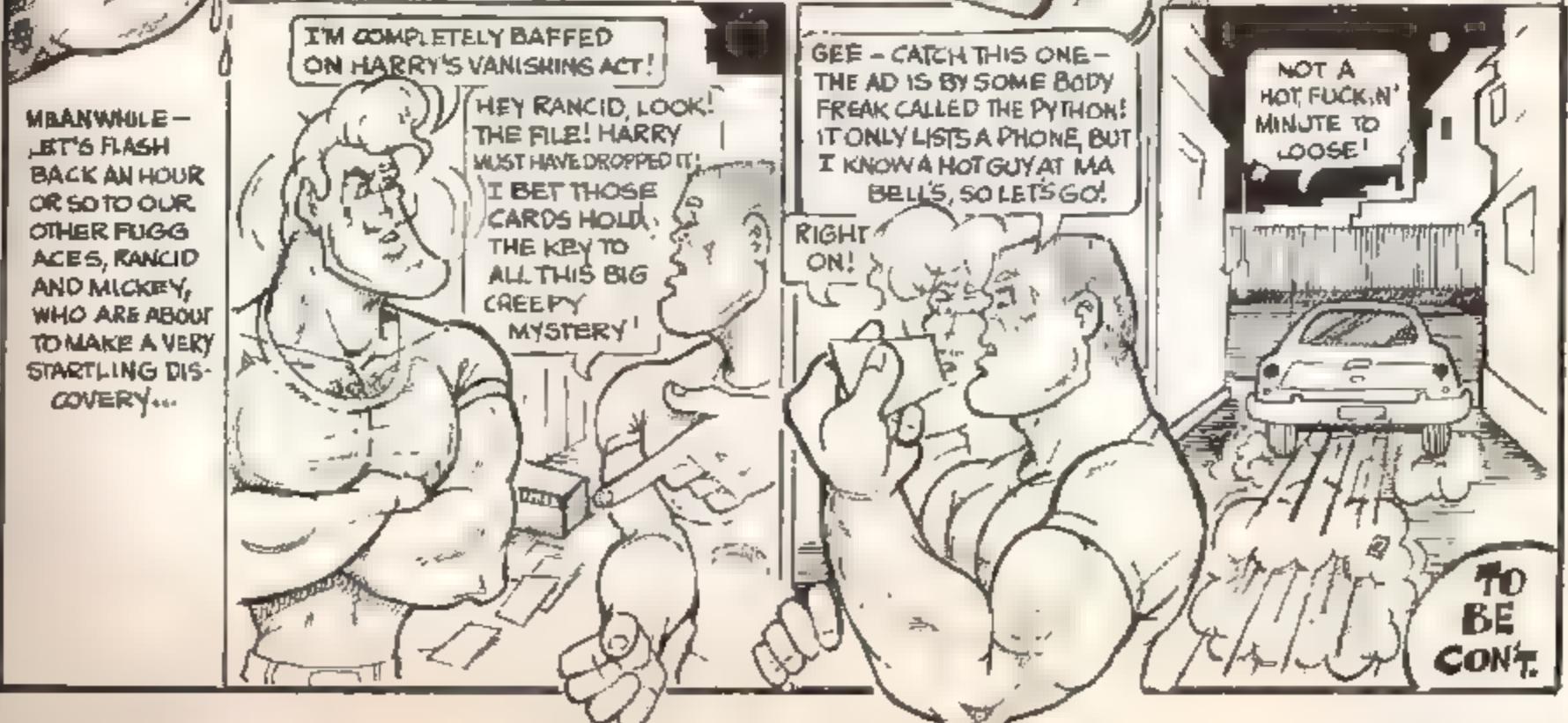
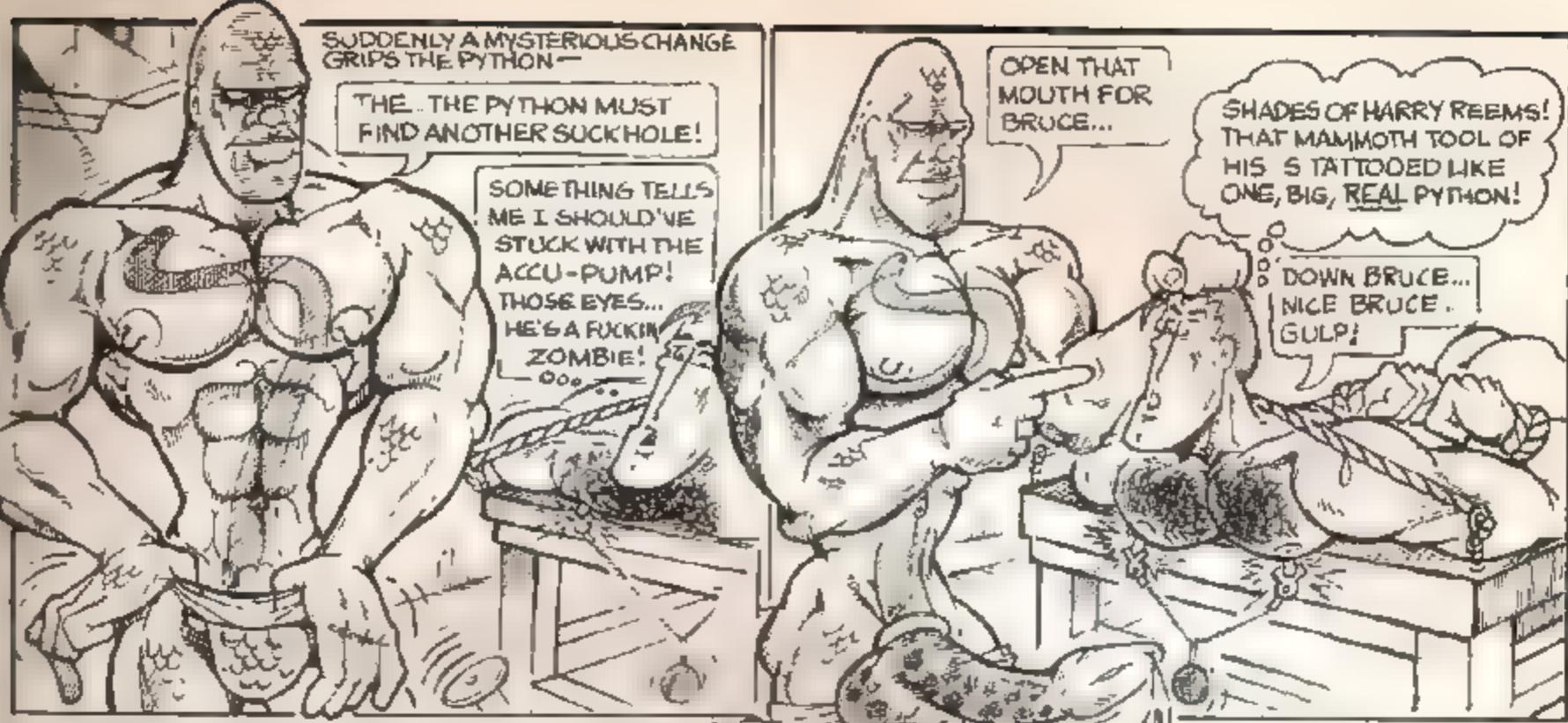
GULP...
THE PENETRATION HEAD ON MY NEW CUISINART ACCU-PUMP WILL LOOSEN YOUR STUBBORN TONGUE. YOU HAIRY PRICK!

HOLY CHEESE BALLS! I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HOLD OUT THIS TIME! MY ASS-HOLE IS SUPER TIGHT... AND THAT THING LOOKS LIKE A MEAN MOTHER-!

JUST THEN...

THAT MOON... IT'S DOING A CRAZY NUMBER WITH MY HEAD AGAIN — SLURP!!!

RIMMING IS SLAMMING



MEANWHILE—
LET'S FLASH
BACK AN HOUR
OR SO TO OUR
OTHER FUGG
ACES, RANCID
AND MICKEY,
WHO ARE ABOUT
TO MAKE A VERY
STARTLING DIS-
COVERY...



TO
BE
CONT.

SEX DRIVE DRAMATICALLY INCREASED!



ancient secrets discovered...

Few herbs have seen such a shift in reputation as sarsaparilla. American Indian medicine men once cured physical and sexual debility with it. In the 1800s sarsaparilla became a national craze when it was used as a spring tonic. Then, in 1939 scientists found the secret of its power. Sarsaparilla is one of the few natural sources of testes hormone, the male hormone. A high testosterone level in the body promotes sexual potency. Sarsaparilla is only one of the reasons Wilmont Herbal Blend makes a man into a stud. Here are some more facts.

Q. What is Wilmont Herbal Blend for the Stud?

A. It's 100% pure herb power! A stimulating mix of powdered damiana leaves, sarsaparilla root and kola nut.

Q. How does it work?

A. In three ways. Sarsaparilla root increases hormone levels. Damiana is a mild aphrodisiac, a reputed aphrodisiac and a tonic for the sex organs. Kola nut reduces the energy requirements of the nervous and muscular systems by promoting combustion of fats and carbohydrates.

Q. Why should I take Wilmont Herbal Blend?

A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause circulatory ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend heals and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

Q. How long does it take?

A. Herbs like vitamins take a little time to work their wonders. Most men start feeling a renewed sexual vigor after 30 to 60 days. Thereafter, continued regular use of Wilmont Herbal Blend will maintain the higher levels of sexual energy.



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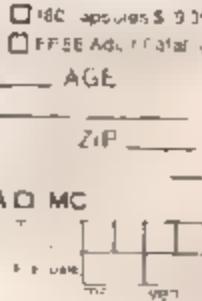
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We've been satisfying customers for over three years

ASTROLOGIC

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20) You're a cold fucker whose sign, bridging one calendar year to the other, indicates slaves by the pair for the New Year. Your executive executioner ability will keep them sufficiently servile, so your domestic scene should keep quite scrubbed up unless you prefer to live like the raunchy goat you are. On the first day of Christmas, budget some cold cash for the tattooing of at least six Moths this coming year with your capricious birthsign.

CAPRICORN M: In the New Year, expect competition. Be everything your S desires. Be the genuine reflection of your Top's affection. If by February you fall hot from his toestyle, get yourself together. Maintain. After all, your supportive imitation of him is not only the sincerest form of flattery, it's also the fastest free lunch in the West. Beg him to tattoo you for Valentine's Day.

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19) On the second day of Christmas, tie your M to a tall pine in a cut-it-yourself lot. Pull out whatever ax you have to grind. Yell "Timber!" Take bets on which way he will fall.

AQUARIUS M: Read Kilmer's "Trees." Tell your Top you're pining for good needling. Try to land on your face.

PISCES S: (Feb. 20 - Mar. 20) On the third day of Christmas, prepare your New Year's party. Buy imported champagne. Avoid using the cliche of a rented bubbly fountain.

PISCES M: Douche thoroughly.

ARIES S: (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) On the fourth day of Christmas, fill glass ornaments with phis. Hang them through the tie of an especially green M.

ARIES M: Buy your S a pellet gun. Prepare to be decorated. Stand very still.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20 - May 20) On the fifth day of Christmas, buy a roll of barbed wire and a "how-to" book on macrame.

TAURUS M: Begin to empathize with hanging ferns. Remember: a plant never speaks unless spoken to first.

GEMINI S: (May 21 - June 21) On the sixth day of Christmas, become a toker and a taker. Buy a year's supply of macho ciggies.

GEMINI M: Learn the niceties of storing cigars in dark places where the air is properly humidified.

CANCER S: (June 22 - July 21) On the seventh day of Christmas, clip your nails, practice your ambidexterity, and insert both flats at once.

CANCER M: Fall on your knees and hear the angel voices.

LEO S: (July 22 - Aug. 21) On the eighth day of Christmas, invite a surgeon specializing in circumcisions over for a shrewdry.

LEO M: Cross your legs, hit your vinyl, and kiss your magnis goodbye.

VIRGO S: (Aug. 22 - Sept. 22) On the ninth day of Christmas, bike out to the local levers' lane. Make your M collect the scumbags. Take them home to the microwave he insisted on for Christmas.

VIRGO M: Pretend you're Barbara Hale. Punch your Amara and learn how to hum "Greensleeves" with your mouth full.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22) On the tenth day of Christmas, reserve the bathtub at The Mine Shaft in New York City. Buy beers for the house.

LIBRA M: Since you hardly ever have any fun, beg Santa for SCUBA gear and a straw. Even recycled, boycott Coors.

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21) On the eleventh day of Christmas, resolve to live your 1978 life in the fast lane.

SCORPIO M: You are irresistibly perverse. Your answer to any S is, "Everything all the time." (Also stop trying to turn Virgo S's into M's.)

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21) On the twelfth day of Christmas, pump up an even heavier sweat at the gym. Save water. Don't shower. Go directly home.

SAGITTARIUS M: Ditch your color-coded handkerchiefs. Stick a yellow washcloth in your right rear pocket. Walk at home. Then, tongue and groove.

Sagittarius

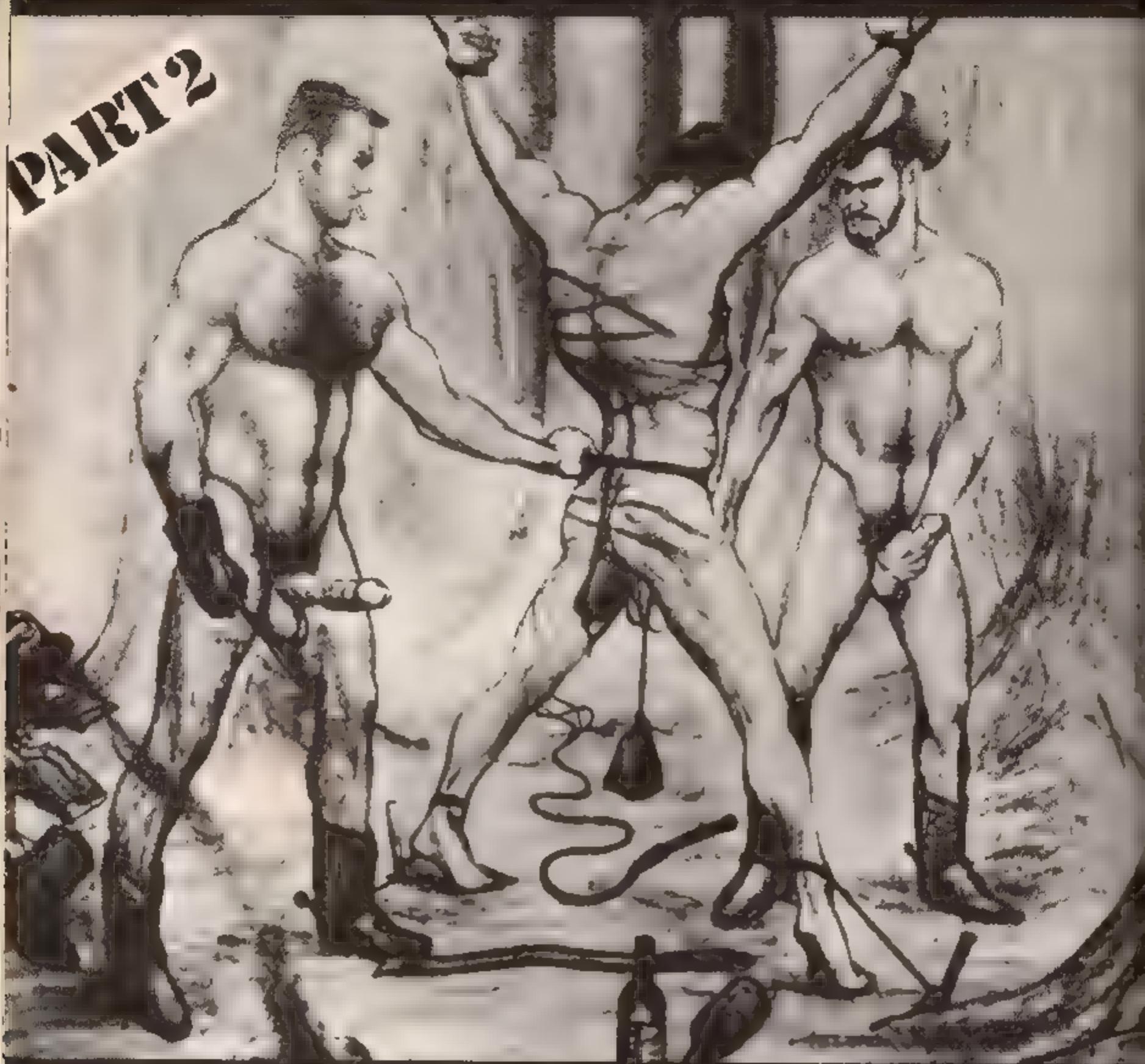
(NOV. 22 - DEC. 21)



(OCT. 23 - NOV. 21)

Scorpio

PART 2



TRAPPED!

HOUSTON SMITH

The guy behind me had said, "Don't turn around, Dan, and don't say anything." So what did I do? I asked him if it would be alright to tap dance.

I felt the air move just a split second before I felt the hand chop down on the side of my neck. I stood there for a while, stunned, shaking my head from the pain, my body slumped. Then when I recovered a little, I started getting pissed. Started. Hell, the top of my head almost exploded. Nobody was going to mess with me in my own house. I turned, ready to kill the

ucker who had hit me. I didn't care if he was carrying a knife, a gun or even a goddamned bazooka.

They were ready for me. I repeat, they. There were two of them. One was a little shorter than the other, but they both were big. Bigger than I am. I got one swing in, missing by a mile, before I felt my arm being pulled back and twisted around. The next thing I knew, I was touching the back of my neck the hard way.

I still had one arm free and I was the smaller of the

The artwork for this series is by an unknown artist whose works are from a private collection and are printed here for the first time. They are unusual and while these copies are also copies, both he and we felt they should be shared.

assholes, the one standing behind me, have it as hard as I could in the belly with my elbow. He bellowed and let loose of my arm. With both my arms free, I went after the bigger one. I remember he got a strange look in his eyes when I was going for him. He was like crazy excited. Not scared. Not in the damned least. Just weird. But I went for him anyway.

I dealt him a devastating glancing blow off the shoulder, which I'm sure he didn't even feel, and was winding up for my KO punch when the lights went out. I don't know what the guy behind me did, but before I knew what was happening, I was on my back on the floor, looking dizzily at the ceiling.

It dawned on me then that these guys were serious. The main problem, though, was I didn't know about what.

It also dawned on me that I had seen these guys before. I'd been seeing them for a lot of years, although not often. They'd put in an appearance maybe once or twice a year and then disappear, which didn't break my heart, because I didn't want to fuck with them anyway. I didn't even particularly like them.

I remembered the notes they'd sent me. The first one had said, "We've seen you; you've seen us. We'll see each other again." If nothing else, they were keeping to their word.

I remembered one incident in particular involving the two. I'd been at one of the local heavy bars, feeling no pain whatsoever. It was that kind of night when you see everybody in the world that you know, none of whom you want to drag home. So you put the idea of a good, hard fuck in the back of your mind and let yourself indulge in a little old-fashioned camaraderie, which, when you come right down to it, isn't bad every once in a while.

It was a little buddy of mine named Jerry who came up with the idea. He was house-sitting for his boss, a song writer in the movie business who was in Europe scoring a film. The place was in the Hollywood Hills, isolated, with a too-warm swimming pool. Jerry thought it might be a good idea for some of the boys to head to that house and have a party.

There were maybe thirty people in the place when the idea started to circulate, and at a certain unassigned time, most of them started to head for Jerry's place. Two of the "guests" that night were the two creeps who were now having fun at my expense.

Also in the group was another guy I knew, a black kid whose name I can never remember. Gideon or Jethro. He undoubtedly has one of the best bodies I've ever seen. He had about a twelve-inch waist that V-ed up to shoulders that never stopped. You could have done your shirt collars on his belly. And the ass? Round and firm, without being high and pushy like the ones on some backs. His skin, all over, was smooth and shiny. All in all, an admirable piece of flesh upon which to vent your horns.

I was in sort of seventh heaven, the effect of all the shit I'd smoked and swallowed, that last meaning only booze, and I was mostly interested in letting the world go by while I watched it. And one of the most interesting things to watch was the black kid getting the rush from the two leather goons. They were about as subtle as a billboard.

About fifteen minutes after the party really got going, with naked bodies and moans and groans all over the place, I realized that the black kid and his two rushers were gone. Ah-ha, that seemed like something worthwhile to investigate, so being a closet voyeur I started heading through the house I didn't have far to go.

The black kid was in the middle of the living room floor, naked, with a big pillow shoved up under his ass. The smaller of the two goons had his pants off and was sitting on the kid's face, gyrating his ass around, getting a good eating out. South of that. Goon Number One was fiddling around with that pretty black ass. I decided to stick around, sit down, and provide an audience. After all, if you want privacy, you don't do things in the middle of the living room floor.

The Big Goon was getting hot and mean. He was swatting that ass, hard, and shoving fingers into it like he had only twenty minutes to catch a train. His buddy, meantime, had moved his ass off the kid's face and was now face-fucking him with a more-than-adequate cock. The kid seemed to be enjoying it, so I just sat back to watch and enjoy it myself.

The big guy was really getting into it. I could tell he wanted to fist-fuck the kid, but he didn't have the right equipment, except for the fist, of course. He looked around like he expected a genie to appear with a can of Crisco. When that

didn't happen, he looked around for somebody else to do the fetching. I was the only one in the room.

"Get me some Crisco," he said in a tone that indicated he thought I would do it.

I looked at him for a second, and then said in my usual friendly way, "Get it yourself, fucker."

Did that one little sentence I'd said way back then lead to all the shit that was happening now? Christ, some people sure do have thin skins.

Anyway, the big guy told his friend to get the "can," and the jerk, like a good slave, pulled his dick out of the kid's mouth and went towards the kitchen. The black kid, his face free, looked over at me and smiled. "You gonna watch, Dan?" he asked. I nodded. "Good," he said. But I don't think the ass-man liked the kid's saying that. He reached out and grabbed hold of the kid's cock, which was blazing hard by that time, and twisted it around so hard, balls included, that I thought the damned thing would break off. The kid let out a scream that wouldn't stop. The louder he screamed, the harder the guy twisted his cock and balls.

"Please, please," the kid shouted. "Stop!" He was writhing all over the floor in pain.

"Put a 'sir' on that," the top said.

"Please, sir. Please stop," the black kid yelled. The goon let loose.

The whole thing was turning me off. I started to stand up, intending to go outside and get a little air. As a top, the big guy had too little finesse for my tastes. I walked over towards the black kid and stopped, looking down at him. "You want to call it quits in here?" I asked.

The kid thought for a second or two and then shook his head no. So I walked out. I figured I gave the kid a chance to pull out, he refused, so he was on his own. I saw him a couple of times later during the party, or at least I saw parts of his anatomy. Once he was on the diving board, on his knees, ass up, and the big guy was offering the ass to anybody who wanted it. There were plenty of takers. Even later, he was back in place on the living room floor. He had the big guy's arm up his ass damned near to the elbow.

I remembered thinking it'd be a shame if that kid let his beautiful ass turn into a three-car garage.

All those things flashed through my mind as I lay on the floor, still a little dazed. Then the one character, the Crisco fetcher, took a pair of handcuffs out of his back pocket and put them on me, hands across my stomach. I was still out of it enough to let him. A three-foot piece of leather, a thong, was next. He tied it tightly around the base of my cock. He looked down at me and without a trace of emotion said, "If you try anything funny, we pull your cock off."

His tone of voice sent a chill up the back of my neck, but I still had a few balls left. "Is this joke over now?" I asked. "You two are coming across like Laurel and Hardy at a kidnapping." I shouldn't have said that. The big one took it bad. The bland, paid-killer look left his face and was replaced with a nasty, anticipatory grin. He squatted down next to me, reached behind him and pulled an honest-to-god switch blade out of his back pocket.

"Did Laurel and Hardy ever do this?" he asked, and sliced the blade across my chest from tit to tit. Only a small cut, just enough to bleed. That scared the shit out of me.

He stood up, the grin gone, and put the knife away. "Go get Thomas," he said to his partner.

I guess I should have known. It was all too pat. Meeting Thomas that night, his coming on with me. But I hadn't suspected anything. Ego tells you that you're irresistible; any ass is yours. Thomas sure turned the tables on me.

Nothing more was said for a minute or two — my main captor was standing over by the window looking at me and picking a scab on his neck — until Thomas came walking into the room. He wouldn't look at me.

"Thanks a lot, creep," I said. "I'll remember this."

Thomas still didn't look at me, but instead looked towards the big guy, who was staying by the window. The big guy nodded. Thomas walked towards me and got down on his knees next to me. He took my prick, limp as it could be, into his mouth. He began to suck it gently.

"I don't think it's the right time," I told him, but he didn't stop. He kept sucking and licking, sticking his face down between my legs and sucking my balls into his mouth, massaging them with his tongue. He was damned good, and believe it

or not, even given the stupid situation I was in, my cock started to get hard. Within seconds, it was as hard as it was ever going to get.

In fact, Thomas was so damned talented he had me groaning. With pleasure.

When he had me totally hard, he stopped and lifted his head. Only then did he look at me. He smiled. I admit that the thought crossed my mind that now that they had me hard, they might cut the damned thing off. But that didn't happen.

Instead Thomas took the leather thong and started wrapping it around my dick. Tight but not uncomfortable. And he kept massaging my cock with his hand as he worked. When he had used up the whole length of the thong, he tucked it in securely. I had a leather-bound cock.

Thomas then stood up. He straddled me and slowly lowered his body until he was squatting just above me. He reached under and positioned my cock straight up. Then he lowered himself some more. I felt the tip of my cock press against his asshole. He had his eyes closed. He was on his knees now, pressing his ass down against me. My cock was moving farther and farther inside him. My cock was dry and so was his ass.

It took only three movements on his part before my cock was all the way up inside his ass. When he was sitting on my stomach, my prick deep inside him, he started to move upwards. Slowly. When he had moved far enough so only the head of my cock was still in him, he moved downwards. Faster this time. The look on his face was beatific. He continued moving, gaining speed with each up and down movement. Finally, he ended up fucking himself on my cock as fast as he could. He had me going, too. I could feel the leather rubbing the sides and head of my cock, increasing the friction of the dry fuck. It felt so good it hurt, and I was already getting close to a come. Thomas opened his eyes and when he saw what was happening to me, he grabbed hold of his own cock. He pumped it furiously.

"I want to come when you do," he whispered hoarsely. I couldn't and didn't want to say anything. I was too close. He seemed to move even faster, increasing the pain-pleasure in my cock. And then it came. I grunted and groaned and shoved my cock up into him and I started to spurt. Just a split second later I heard him groan and then felt the wetness of his come splattering my belly and chest.

My come, fighting through the tightness of the leather thong, seemed to take forever to get to the end of my cock, but when it did, it was terrific. I arched up against Thomas, trying to prolong the good feeling even more.

When my orgasm finally ended, I slumped back, wiped out, realizing what I most wanted to do right then was lie back in a bed with a cigarette, with Thomas' head on my shoulder, my arm around him, and go to sleep. That would have been great, except for the fact that a couple of goons had other plans for me.

Thomas slowly pulled himself off my cock. I could tell by the look on his face when he moved that the fuck had hurt him. When he was almost off, he leaned forward, our faces almost touching. "If I hadn't done what they told me," he said, "they would have killed me." After that, he pulled totally free of my cock, stood up and walked out of the room.

Now I know the word "kill" is used a lot. "I could have killed the son-of-a-bitch" is said what what is really meant is, "I'm pissed." Or "The line killed me" is said when what is really meant is, "The joke was funny." But when Thomas said, "... they would have killed me," I believed him. That scared me even more.

Thomas came back dressed a minute later. He hadn't washed up. My come was still in his ass; his was still on my belly and chest. But now I was the only one naked. That's not an ideal situation, and when you're in cuffs and with a de-cocker on, it's even worse.

"Let's go," the big one, who obviously was the boss, said. Thomas stayed in the background while the smaller guy unwound the leather thong and pulled on it until he had yanked me to my feet. I didn't know how to react to that or anything that was happening. Nobody had ever done things like that to me. I was pissed, but I was also scared. Who knew? Maybe all I had to do was say one wrong thing and they'd stick that knife through my guts and let me bleed to death on the bedroom floor. I know I didn't have much choice to do anything else, but I remember making the decision to lay back, play the whole thing by ear, and go along with the whole bit. For a

while at least.

I was led starkers to a black Dodge van they had parked in front of the house. They didn't seem bothered about neighbors seeing anything, but I was hoping like hell that somebody would see us and do something. Like rescue me. Even my neighbors might think something was a little strange when I'm being led by the cock and balls, naked and cuffed, to a sinister-looking black van by two Neanderthals. But there wasn't a light on in the whole block.

I was led to a ladder that came down from the top of the van. "Get up there," I was ordered. By that time I'd already had enough of laying back.

"I ain't goin' nowhere," I said, and planted my bare feet squarely in the sidewalk. They were going to have to drag me, screaming, by the hair.

"Get the prod," the big one said, and Shorty went to the front of the van. The door was opened, I heard some rummaging, and he came back carrying a standard weight cattle prod. I'd never used one, but I'd heard they didn't feel good.

"You gonna get up there?" the Giant asked. I looked at the prod, at Shorty, at the look in his eye, at Thomas who was nodding solemnly, but still I decided to stay where I was. Maybe if I just refused to do anything, they'd call it quits. Like a couple of numbers I'd had in the past. You know they want you to beat them up, but they put up such a goddamned argument about everything you do to them that eventually you just quit and toss them out. And since I honestly didn't want these two guys to do anything at all to me, maybe they'd be all the more willing to call it quits.

No such luck. Shorty shoved the prod out and barely touched me on my right ass cheek. Now to be honest with you, I'd never had much sympathy for cows. Even in a pastoral grouping, they'd never done much for me. And I'd never had even one second thought about devouring a steak. But that night, after that one touch . . . Jesus! . . . the poor cows . . . pain rifled through my whole body. My hair felt like it was standing on end. A terrific, sharp pain jolted through my back. Even my balls . . . the feeling is indescribable. Terrible is about as close to a name as you can give it.

I stood there, my eyes closed, my body again shaking. Then the asshole shoved that pole against my ass again. My whole body thudded with shock. I really thought I'd die; that's how bad it was.

"You gonna get up there?" the Giant asked again. With my eyes still closed, I nodded. Hell, I couldn't take any more of that prod. Somebody's hand shoved me closer to the van. I reached for the ladder and started to climb.

Once on top, Shorty joined me. He told me to lie down on my belly, which wasn't the easiest thing to do, because in addition to an air-vent right in the middle of the roof, there was also a luggage carrier attached to the sides, with connecting rods running right across where he wanted me to lie down.

My comfort or lack of it didn't seem to matter much. He wanted me down and when I hesitated, the approach of the cattle prod towards my cock got me moving.

The metal was cold on my belly and the air vent and the metal rods were damned uncomfortable, but as soon as I was flat out, before I could even adjust myself, Shorty undid the cuffs, stretched my arms out and tied first one wrist and then the other to the uprights on the luggage carrier. The ankles were next. When I was totally immobile, Shorty called for the "tarp." This time the rear door of the van was opened, I again heard rummaging, and a folded-up canvas was thrown to Shorty. He unfolded it, tossed it over me and tied the ends down to the same uprights that were holding me.

They really were, I knew, going to drive through town with me spread-eagled naked on top of their van. I wondered what a cop would say if he stopped us. I wondered what my mother would say.

Within two minutes, I was in bad pain. Within five, I was ready to die. The air vent had imbedded itself five inches into the area of my crotch and the metal rods of the luggage carrier had impaled themselves at strategic points north and south of that. Every time the van bounced, and whoever was driving wasn't going slow for my benefit, I felt like I was being cut in half. A few more minutes and I was pleading with them to stop. It hurt that bad. Unfortunately, they couldn't hear me whining. I don't think it would have made any difference if they had.

The movement of the wind as we rode along at a fairly fast

clip blew the canvas back so that part of my face was exposed. I could see where we were. We'd been traveling about fifteen or twenty minutes and the area we were in, with a lot of big trees lining the street, was totally unfamiliar. After a while, we stopped down and turned left into a driveway, flanked on both sides by white pillars. We headed uphill on the driveway for a good distance and came to a stop in front of a delapidated house I couldn't see any lights.

As I lay there on top of the van, waiting for something to happen, or at least for somebody to come up and untie me, a thought entered my mind. I remembered those old lines about a coward dying many deaths but a brave man dying only once. I thought maybe all that might apply to me. I really considered the possibility of their killing me if I didn't do what they wanted, but I started then to realize that being dead might be better than... whatever they had in mind.

Thomas and the Giant walked to and stood on the steps of the house while Shorty climbed up on the roof of the van. He pulled the canvas off me and threw it to the ground. He squatted down next to me. He ran his hand over my ass cheeks.

"That sure is nice," he said. "You like to get that thing fucked?"

I turned my head and looked at him. "No," I said.

"Too bad," he said. "For you."

He untied one hand and stretched it over towards the other. He wasn't taking any chances. He was going to put the cuffs back on me before I was free enough to make any trouble. I thought this might be my only chance. With my one free hand, I reached up and shoved him as hard as I could, hoping he'd fall off the top of the van, maybe landing on his head, maybe being knocked out. I don't know what I was hoping for. I was just desperate to try something.

Being in the position I was in I didn't manage to accomplish much with the shove. I surprised Shorty but that was about all. He regained his balance and grinned at me. "Hot damn," he said. "A fighter. I like fighters." Then he stood up and aimed a kick at my side. There was no way I could dodge it. His foot slammed into my rib cage, knocking the wind out of me.

Shorty then got on top of me, on my back. He grabbed hold of my hair, holding my head up, while he punched his fist into my face. I resolved then and there if I ever got out of this mess, I'd kill him. And I meant it.

He stopped after a short while. "You gonna be good?" he asked. I nodded. What the hell else could I do?

He got the cuffs on me and then untied my other wrist and my ankles. He told me to stand up. With a little clumsy effort I did. I looked down at my body. I was covered with angry red marks, from the metal rods and the air vent. I tried to rub them, to get the blood circulating again, but it wasn't easy with the cuffs on. It wasn't easy, either, to climb down the ladder, but I made it. Shorty and I walked towards the house together, his hand caressing my ass the whole way.

As soon as we got close to the house, I realized that it was an abandoned shell. Nobody had lived in the place for years. There was enough dirt on the front steps to plant corn.

Shorty shoved and massaged me to the top step. I was told to get down on my knees. Oh, Christ, I thought, they're going to cut off my head. But they weren't after anything that drastic.

The boss man stepped in front of me. He reached for his crotch and started to open the buttons of Levis that hadn't been washed since the Civil War. He moved slowly as though he were enticing me. He had to know that I'd never been so turned off in my whole life. He eventually pulled a long, skinny uncircumcised cock out, along with two hairy balls. I was getting the idea of what he was after.

"Suck it," he said.

I looked up at him. "Blow it out your ass," I said.

He moved closer. That skinny dong of his was brushing my chin. I moved my head away.

"Watch out he don't bite it," Shorty said. I looked at him, mentally thanking him for the idea.

"He won't bite it," the Giant said. "Get the prod."

Ah, shit, I thought, here we go again. Shorty went to the truck and walked back with the prod in his hand. These guys were getting boring.

"Touch him with it," the Giant said. Shorty walked up behind me and zapped me on the ass cheek. My body went through the same old convulsions.

"You gonna bite it?" the Giant asked. I looked at him and shook my head.

"Talk to me, asshole," he said, grabbing my hair and yanking. Hard. "Tell me, 'No, sir, I'm just gonna suck it real good, but I ain't gonna bite it.'"

I didn't say a word. Five seconds later I got another zap, a longer one. With visions flashing through my mind of what I'd do to these two guys with that prod if I ever got hold of it, I said, "No, sir. I'm gonna suck your dick, not bite it. SIR!"

The Giant laughed. Well, I was glad somebody was having a good time. He moved forward, his prick a little harder. He aimed it at my mouth. I opened. I admit it. I opened my mouth and he slipped the goddamned thing in.

Now I'm not going to tell you that I've never sucked a cock before, but whenever I've done it, it was voluntary, and it sure wasn't connected to anything as revolting as the creep who was standing in front of me. I just knelt there, with my mouth open, while he pumped his cock in and out. He must have been hot, because it wasn't long before he was shooting. I let the come run out of my mouth, down my chin. I wasn't going to swallow it. When he was all finished and had pulled out, I spit what was left in my mouth on the ground.

Shorty stepped up next. His cock, which I'd seen before, was a lot bigger and a lot harder. He shoved it in and pumped. He got the same detached blow job the other one had gotten. As soon as he was finished, he yanked his cock out and tucked it in his pants. I looked at Thomas, fully expecting him to take advantage of my mouth, too, but he merely turned away and started walking towards the truck.

"Hey, Jesse," Shorty said. "We better get out of here. I'm getting nervous." JESSE! I had a name. I'd get him.

Jesse reached down and grabbed the thong that still led to my cock. He pulled on it and got me to my feet. Then he shoved me over to one of the poles holding up the porch. He had Shorty come over and stand right in front of me with the prod while he uncuffed me. When my arms were free he pulled them around behind the pole and re-cuffed them.

"Now what?" I asked. "You gonna set me on fire?"

I saw the hand being raised, I saw it swing back, I saw it head my way. I think I even tried to duck, but that didn't help. The fucker slapped me as hard as he could. With his open hand, ala Joan Crawford. And shit, did I start hearing bells. That fucker stung.

"Someday I'm going to make you eat donkey shit," I said to Jesse through clenched teeth. I was mad. He only laughed.

The three of them started walking towards the van. I realized that they were going to go. "Hey, you can't leave me here," I yelled after them.

"Sure we can," Jesse yelled back. "But don't worry. You'll see us again. Real soon. Next time we'll work on that pretty little ass." Well, at least they had contributed a first to my sex life. Nobody had ever called my ass "pretty" before.

Without another word the three of them collected their gear and got into the van. It was started up and pulled down the driveway, leaving me, Dan, in one of the more peculiar situations I'd ever been in. Stripped naked, tied to a post, a leather thong decorating my cock, a small slice across my chest and dried come all over my chin and belly.

"Hey, you goddamned freaks," I yelled, but they kept traveling. They tooted their horn in farewell as the van turned onto the street at the bottom of the driveway.

What'd they say last? They'd see me again? Real soon? I only hoped that if there was any future seeing to be done, I'd be the one who'd see them. With thoughts of dire revenge surging through my head, to the point that I got a roaring hard-on, I stood there, eventually wondering, when I'd cooled down a little, how I was going to get out of my present sticky predicament.

I didn't have long to wait. About ten minutes after my three friends had left, I saw headlights turn into the driveway and head towards me. The next few minutes, I knew, would be embarrassing, but at least I'd get help.

It was the worst possible help. The car had two people in it, dressed in blue. The car was painted black and white. And it had lights on top. One of my saviors flashed a light towards me. I heard a sharp laugh and somebody said, "Oh, Christ!"

My sentiments exactly. Oh, Christ! What was I in for next?

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

DRUM BEATS



"I took the pictures myself until Spot learned to work the camera!"



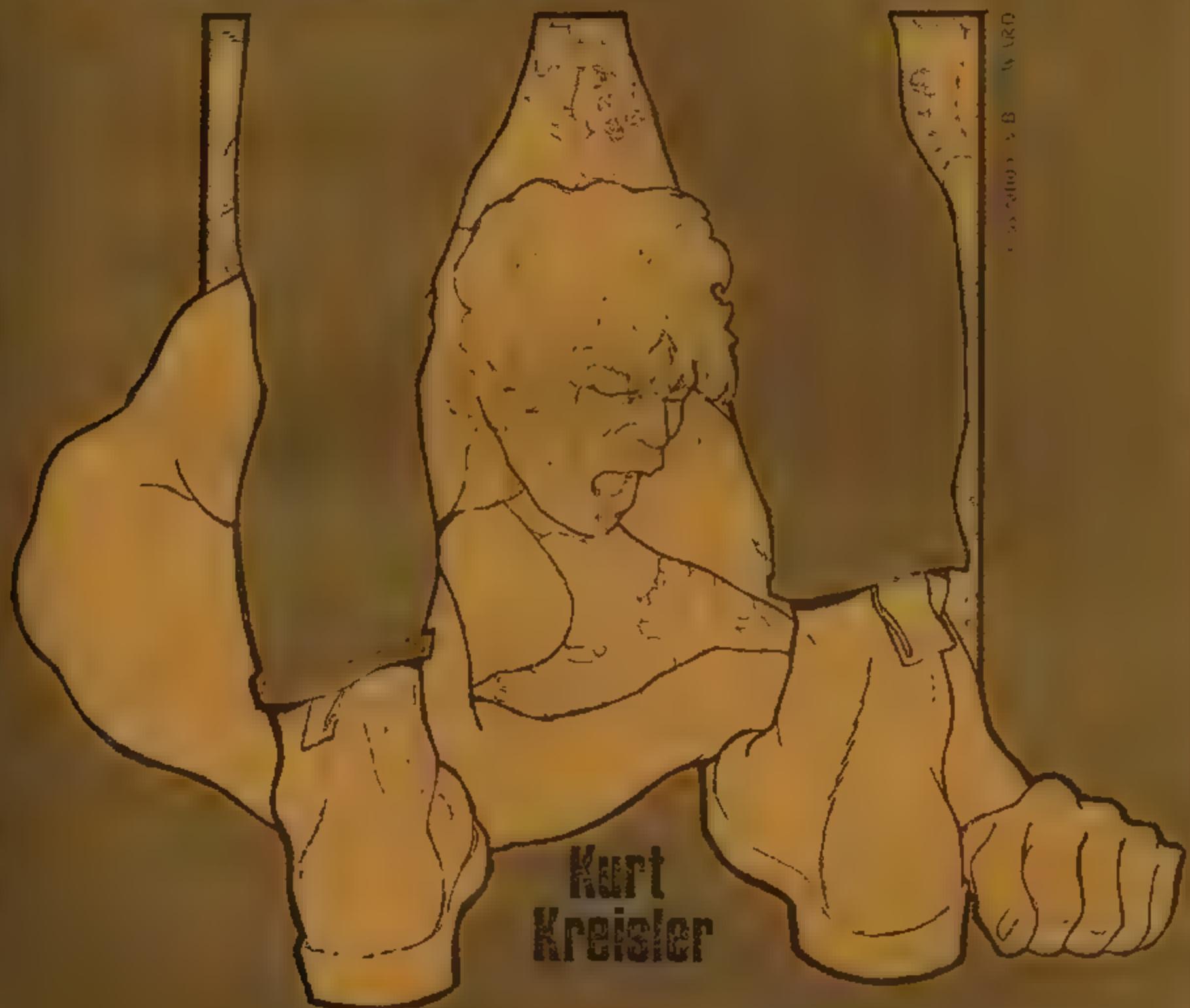
"Honest, sweetheart. Even if Starsky and Hutch should ask me, I wouldn't go to bed with them."



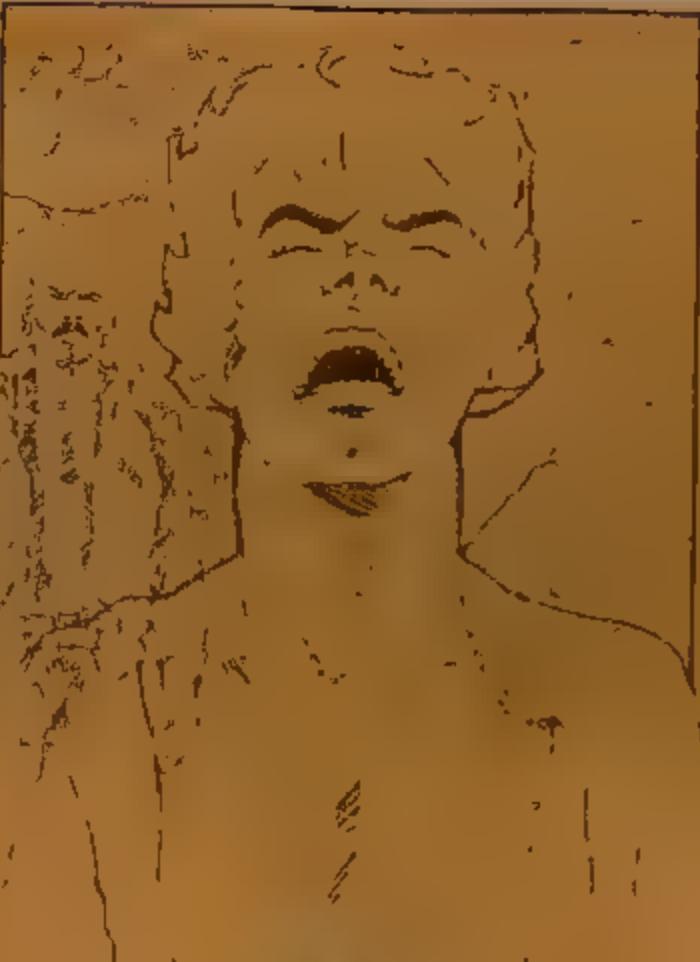
"Max, you gotta stop strapping that thing to your legs! You know how easily you get excited!"

MY BROTHIER MY SISTER

BOOZE
SCHMOCHE



Kurt
Kreisler



FINAL EPISODE

"My God, man . . . please . . . take it easy . . . please!" He gritted and panted beneath the onslaught as Rod began pumping out rancid come in and out of his ass.

"Wow! A god damned cherry all to myself. What a beautiful piece of ass." He closed his eyes to enjoy the thrill of the wild sensation that flooded through his entire body. He turned it roughly all around the inside of the opening, deliberately trying to make the boy squirm and writhe which he did. Suddenly he couldn't hold it any longer and he pulled it out quickly with rawe of his face. No cum began to flow and he sighed with relief. "I don't want, come yet. You guys can have what's left of his ass, right?" He layed on beside Tom, took and threw his leg over the tiny fucking he boy. He lifted Tom's head by the hair and pressed his stiff cock against his rectum. The kid could smell the ecto sex on the thick prod and felt like gagging.

"You know what I want ya to do with that don't ya?" He pulled the boy's handsome face in closer to his dick and held it there. Tom remembered the burning and the oceanic and he opened his mouth reluctantly and wailed. "Motherfucker, you do it!" He found the huge head and pushed his mouth down slowly onto the stiff thick shaft. He could feel pulsing against his lips and he felt ashamed of what he was. He was forced to go to this taggot. He moved his lips up and down timidly along its length, trying to touch it with his tongue. Rod pulled his head forward and shoved with his hips, forcing the thick thing against the very back of Tom's throat. He gagged, tried to larynx and began sucking it in earnest. The taste nauseated him but he knew the best he could to avoid further abuse. He ran his tongue along the surface and pressed hard with his lips. He sucked for all he was worth until the man grabbed his head and held it still.

"Nope. Not yet, baby. I'm savin' that juice for somethin' special I have planned for your asshole. Just hold still. I'm too tired to walk to the head." Tom waited and then gulped with surprise as warm liquid began pouring into his head in a hard stream. It splashed against the back of his throat and washed over his tongue and the whole inside of his mouth. He tried to move but he suddenly felt something enormously big shoving its way into his ass painfully. He forgot the piss for

just a split second and, as the intruding piece rammed its way into the tight, raw opening, he gritted swallowing the bitter liquid without even thinking. The cock started pulsing and pulling at his tender hole and he tried to protest around the prick in his throat. He kept swallowing greedily as Rod's stream of urine washed out of his mouth and down his throat. He swallowed desperately, trying to get it over with. He thought it would never stop. The future of Tom in the shower he was possessed of would not be in his mind and he forced it out with an extreme effort. He swallowed the last of the warm, flowing liquid from the end of Rod's dick and pulled its mouth away from the sadistic tool. He looked with difficulty back over his shoulder and saw what he had expected. It was the muscular body builder who was invading his body so violently. His male test stretched all out of proportion from the monstrous rect. The young man's muscles trembled and he used it to the best from the overhead. His eyes were glazed with passion and his muscular lips moved his oversized dick inside Tom's ass to its core. Tom cried out in protest knowing that it wouldn't do any good. It's bad to make a noise. The pain was so bad! The big man grunted and groaned as he fucked with a vengeance. He reached under Tom and grabbed the tortured balls in his strong hand and pinched them together, pulling at the sack, sucking and pulling. His scrotum hung in the flesh as he squeezed with all his might and continued fuck the boy up the ass. Suddenly he cried out and his eyes opened wide. His mouth remained open and he began pumping furiously. The boy's body gave with each shove and he tensed just before.

He felt the hot force of the first jets of sperm that entered his body from the grapes, the head of the boy's cock. It flooded his insides and reached the prick's slick and slimy all the way down. The pounding continued, slowed a little, and finally came to a halt as the man collapsed on top of Tom's back, crashing the air out of him. He let go there grunting and gasping for air. Their sweat mingling between their naked bodies. Then he raised his bulky frame up off the agonized boy and pulled his softening cock from his asshole with a deliberate pain of pain. He slapped the cheeks of his ass as hard as he was able to and walked away wiping his dick with his hand.

The rest of the men raped the boy's ass one by one and he endured without comment. When the last one mounted him again, he pumped for a few minutes and then frowned. "You fuckin' bastards have stretched him wide open. I can't even touch the sides." He jerked his dick out of the stretched hole and sat across the front of the hole in the same position that Rod had taken earlier. "It's time you learned to suck a real man's prick, asshole, honey. Bury your mouth on that tender morsel." Tom obeyed mindless and began sucking earnestly. "Get me that drain somebody. The biggest one

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"yeah, that's it!" He reached out still watching Tom's head bobbing up and down on his aching meat and grabbed the gigantic rubber cock. He leaned over and tried to reach the boy's ass with it but couldn't stretch that far down over Tom's busy head. "Oh, shit. Somebody else ram it up there for me. He needs a little action from both ends at the same time!" Rod took the tool and entered it sadistically into the violated asshole. He rammed and shoved making Tom try to yell around the cock he was sucking reluctantly. No sound came out and the rubber dick dug into the slick opening and rammed deep into his guts without hesitation. His ass wiggled, futilely trying to move away from the horrendous instrument but it followed his every move and kept ramming painfully against his intestines. All of a sudden the guy moaning his face mumbled something incoherent and started fucking Tom's flushed face rapidly.

"Jesus Christ! The kid's going to make a great cocksucker. He's damned good already!" The cum started to spurt into the boy's virgin mouth in large shots. It splashed against his cheeks and rolled back into his throat across his lapping tongue.

As he began to swallow his first load of male semen, his breath caught in his throat and he felt like gagging again. Somehow he didn't seem to be able to and he continued to swallow the sticky liquid automatically just to get rid of the taste. The guy above him was pulling and twisting at Tom's hair and his head was thrown back in ecstasy as he spurted the last few drops into the boy's hot mouth. He let out a low moan of satisfaction as he slipped the finished rod from Tom's red mouth reluctantly.

"God, I wish I had more to give ya', baby, but I'm completely drained. Sorry." He pinched Tom's cheeks and smiled at him. "You suck a mean cock, sweetheart!" Tom lowered his head in anguish. The rubber dick up his ass had ended its attack on his buns and he lay on top of the bike totally exhausted and gorged with pain. There were a few moments of tighed with relief. Maybe it was over. Maybe that was all and he could get out of this god damned place!

As he stood up shakily from his position on the bike, he looked up and saw Rod standing over by the rack still with a roaring hardon. His heart sank miserably as two of the guys took his arms and led him to the torture table gruffly. He stumbled as he was shoved and pulled until he stood in front of the powerful man who was waiting for him beside the wooden frame, a cold smile of anticipation on his face. Tom

stopped in front of him and lowered his head in humiliation.

He was directly next to the side of the rack. "Lay down across it, kid!" Rod's big hands pushed him from behind and he fell face down across the framework crosswise. His hands were grabbed and pulled out from him and stretched until they reached the leather cuffs at the two furthest corners. His shoulder sockets felt as if they would come loose and slip out of their joints. His ass hung over the frame and his legs were grabbed by two of the guys. They spread his legs as wide apart as they would go causing the cheeks of his ass to flex with the tension. They then both sat down on the floor, each one holding onto an ankle tightly and waiting. Rod had been busy on himself as they secured their victim and now he walked around to the other side of the rack and stood in front of the boy's terrified face. Right before his frightened eyes was Rod's formidable crotch. It was now harnessed into a leather gadget that ran about two thirds of the way up his hard cock leaving only the head and the sensitive area of the front exposed. It was wrapped around the thick meat tightly causing the large head to dilate. The leather cap was held in place by another leather strap, thinner, which was secured behind and under his balls, allowing the nuts to hang through the opening freely. Tom winced at the sight of the shiny metal studs that clattered against the leather. It was totally covered with small mounds of steel and they glimmered in the light with deadly intensity.

Rod held the armor covered cock up against Tom's already bruised mouth and asked, "How would you like to blow me, baby? Doesn't that look tasty?" He pressed harder forcing Tom to turn his face away. "Don't worry. It's not meant to go in your mouth, stupid. It's designed to rip its way into your asshole. I was the first guy to screw ya' and I'm gonna be the last one, for at least a long, long time!"

"You can't . . . you wouldn't dare . . . use that damned thing on me . . . you'd tear me apart, man!" Tom was quaking with fear of the instrument.

Rod chuckled menacingly as he returned to the very available young ass that hung over the other side of the rack ceilingly. He greased the kid's asshole with motorcycle grease

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and shoved the exposed end of his cock easily up into the tender opening. It was hot and swollen from the previous abuse and torture. He inched forward and let the wide edge of the leather cuff enter the warm hole. Tom grunted at the painful intrusion and rested his head on the bar of the rack.

The first row of sharp studs slipped through the muscle, ripping and tearing at the tender skin viciously. Tom delisted like a wounded animal. Another few rows of the metal tits ground their way up into his ass. Tom was ready to pass out from the agony that reached his feverish brain from his butt. Inhaling just as he worked, Rod pushed the metal-studded leather band deeper into the tight anus. Tom's pain-wracked body went into violent spasms with each tearing entry of the deadly instrument.

"This is what's called 'reaming', you out, boy. Relax and enjoy it. It'll make you a new man." He moved the leather band forward inserting more of the metal and leather into Tom's gut. "You may have to be a cocksucker for the rest of your life man!" He laughed callously and suddenly shoved the rest of his spray anal at the way. To the dark cavity, the base of the collar was much thicker than the dildo had been and it now stretched the tortured sphincter to the breaking point. As the final row of studs slipped past the muscle, Tom let out a scream of mortal anguish and his head fell senselessly onto the hard table. He awoke a few minutes later as someone started slapping his face violently and a val of foul-smelling stuff was held right up against his nose. His heart began to race and suddenly he was wide awake and terribly vulnerable to the pain!

Rod began a normal fucking routine, ignoring the exit and entry of the deadly metal studs. Tom yelled and screamed and pleaded; he was physically sick with the pain and felt as if he would pass out again. The attack continued and he heard Rod moan with pleasure as his asshole began to bleed slightly. Rod shoved and rammed, enjoying the futile twisting of the young naked boy in front of him. He gazed at the bleeding opening in fascination. He couldn't feel anything on the base of his prick except the shuddering of the metal passing in and out of the mutilated hole. The excitement of inflicting so much pain brought him suddenly to the edge of a climax and he pulled the collar out until only the bare skin of his prick was clamped by Tom's rectal muscle. The boy was still screaming and bucking wildly on the table. The last shot from the end of the spray anal Rod maneuvered only the last few exposed head of his dick in and out until he felt that he was approaching the final shot. He shoved the entire length of his leather-covered cock into the waiting receptacle and shot the last spurt deep into the boy's bowels. He left it in all the way for a few moments, enjoying the nesting of Tom's buttocks against his pelvic. Then he withdrew it with a jerk and stood staring at the bright red blood that trickled down the frenzied kid's legs and onto the floor in little drops.

Rod walked away with a look of triumph on his masculine face. He removed the leather collar as he moved and tossed it into the box of torture tools still dirty. He went to the sink and washed off his dick with cold water smiling to himself. Tom's captors released his legs and undid the cuffs around his wrists. They pulled him to a standing position. The boy's eyes were closed and his face was extremely pale. As they led him to the center of the room again, he walked carefully, holding his legs close together as he moved and taking very small steps. The bleeding had stopped and the rivulets of blood on his thick legs were beginning to dry but he was totally unaware of anything that was happening at this point. His arms hung limply at his sides and he shuffled as he moved. His beautiful young body was covered with burns and marks that stood out angrily against his fair skin.

The other guys were all lined up in a straight row still in the nude. He was forced to his knees and remained there dumbly as his two captors joined the formation.

Rod walked up behind him and kicked him roughly in the ass with the toe of his boot. The dazed boy crawled forward obediently without even causing a sound. He was forced to his knees in front of Rod who had joined the line of naked men who stared at him blankly.

"Tom would like to show his gratitude to us, gentlemen, for finally showing him what it's all about!" Rod grinned down at him with a hard and unfeeling expression on his face. "He wants to save all of us the trouble of taking a trip to the men's room. He wants you to use his mouth like a toilet!"

He inserted his limp prick between the boy's parted lips and he went. His stream of piss splattered all over the inside of Tom's mouth and ran from the corners as the kid swallowed it reluctantly. He moved down the entire line of naked men on his knees drinking a full load of urine from the prick of each one of them, his arms still hanging loosely at his sides. He didn't care anymore. He was finished and he knew it.

As the last man pushed his cock into his unresisting mouth, the front door suddenly crashed open and several uniformed police officers burst into the garage. They rushed up to the assembed men and stood staring in amazement. Tom's mouth was still wrapped tightly around the last guy's cock and he remained unknowing and motionless in that position until the guy yanked his dick from between his lips and left.

"A fuckin' big party! Nothin' but a bunch of god damned queers!" snarled the lead officer. The other cops just stood staring in slight confusion and total amazement printed on their faces. "We thought you were trying to rob the joint, all you were trying to do was suck each other's cocks. P.I. to you damned." The cop took off his cap and scratched his head. "Get 'em all dressed and haul 'em in. They'll have to be booked." The officer in charge turned disgustedly and checked his radio in from the patrol car.

When all the various pieces of clothing had been snatched and the other six men were dressed, Tom still stood numbly without a shirt. A young cop had stood for a minute and then walked haltingly to Tom and threw his own jacket over the boy's trembling shoulders. He gazed sympathetically into Tom's young face for an instant and then walked back out through the tiny door, ducking his head as he passed.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Tom had sat the cold, uncomfortable hall for the entire night, shivering with the cold and growing with pain, the young cop had been required to take his jacket back. In the morning he was roused from his bunk and told that he had been released. His heart almost refused to believe it.

As he entered the outer room, his father was waiting for him, not his mom, not even crying.

His father waited for him to approach, handed him a shirt and then turned silently on his heel and led the beaten boy through the front door and out to the waiting car. He stepped the shirt on as he walked. His father cracked his own side and then, when he was behind the wheel, he reached over and opened Tom's. The boy crawled into the seat, panting and grunting at the pressure on his rectum.

"Dad, thanks," he said meekly.

"Just shut up and don't even speak to me, or to your mother!"

"But, Dad."

"I said to be quiet, Tom. You are a shame to me, a disgrace. I don't ever want to hear another lying word from your filthy mouth!" He stared straight ahead and his jaw was tense with anger.

Tom let the words whiz around in his fuzzy brain for a few seconds and suddenly his eyes opened in a flash of realization. "You . . . you think I'm a queer, don't you?" His mouth dropped in amazement as he stared across at his father.

"Well, else are we to think, your mother and me, when you were caught . . . sucking another man's . . . prick!" The man shook his head violently with anguish and disbelief.

"I, I, Dad . . ." the boy was now hopelessly frustrated.

"Just don't say another word to me, Tom. I'm warning you for the last time. I don't want to hear any more of your lies, your deceit about being such a man with the ladies and a flat crop that you've been feeding me for so long. Now, get the hell up and leave me alone." His foot's pressure increased suddenly on the gas pedal and the car sped dangerously along the freeway toward home. Not another word was spoken but Tom sat, filled with pain and humiliation. He turned his face to the side window to keep his father from seeing his tears of regret.

As they pulled up in front of the house his mother was sitting on the front porch. As she spotted them driving, she rose and went quickly into the house. While Tom was still easing himself gently from the seat of the car, his father went hurriedly ahead and entered the house, slamming the door behind him. Tom's heart ached to explain, but he

didn't even know where to begin. Besides, what if he did tell them about Terry and they found out what he'd been doing with his brother for!

He closed the door behind himself quietly as he entered the front hall and glanced around timidly to see if his parents were still about. It was just as he'd expected; they were both in their room. They just didn't want to either see him or talk to him. He shuffled slowly toward his own room. He grimaced with pain as he moved down the hallway. But he did feel better just being out of jail and back... home.

As he entered the bedroom almost cautiously, he saw Terry lying on his bed reading, as usual, and the sight made him almost happy for a moment. The boy glanced casually up at him and then continued reading his book. Tom cleared his throat nervously and went to the closet for a change of clothes. He slipped out of what he was wearing. He felt dirty and thought it might help. He walked over to the big mirror and surveyed himself with pain in his eyes. The marks on his body were horrible and he frowned at himself. Terry looked up at his brother and his eyes opened wide at the sight of his mutilated body.

He deliberately kept his voice cold and flat as he asked almost noncommittally, "What happened to you? You're really battered up."

Tom took a deep breath and shuddered. He was finding it hard to speak. Suddenly he turned and fled to his brother's bed and dropped to his knees. He buried his face in the cover in front of Terry's chest. The tears began to flow as he spoke. "Oh, Terry, it was bad, really bad! They, they used me like... like a woman!" He sobbed uncontrollably into the bed clothes. His whole nude body shook convulsively and Terry couldn't help putting his arm over his scarred shoulders and patting him gently. He had never seen his brother cry like this before.

"It couldn't be any worse than what you put me through, Tom, that was pretty bad, too!" Terry mentally rebelled as some of the vivid pictures flooded back into his memory.

"I'm... I'm sorry, Terry. Please believe me, but it's more... natural for you." Tom was choking on his tears as he spoke.

"That didn't make it any easier, though." Terry sighed deeply and folded his book closed with resignation. "Come on; let's get you cleaned up a little." He made Tom straighten up as he crawled from the bed still feeling very sore himself. "Seems like I just went through this... alone." Tom winced silently at his brother's comment but remained mute as he got painfully to his feet.

"But I'm afraid to get water or soap on my asshole. They destroyed it!" He closed his eyes and tears squeezed from the corners.

"What do you mean, they 'destroyed it'?" Terry hesitated as he waited for an answer.

"They used a thing with sharp metal spikes fastened to Rou's cock. They fucked me with it and it tore me apart!" He opened his eyes and stared directly into his brother's face.

"Oh, my God," Terry motioned for Tom to lie down on the bed. "Face down and I'll take a look at it."

As Tom lay on his stomach his brother spread the cheeks of his ass gently and slowly until he could see his rectum. The damage was glaringly obvious. "Jesus Christ! A bunch of animals, just wild animals!" His face contorted into a pained frown and he closed the buttocks slowly. He stood looking down at Tom in sincere sympathy. Many things he held against Tom and he deserved punishment! But one thing he was, he was his twin brother and he didn't deserve this kind of treatment.

"Okay, kid. Go try to shower. Just grit your teeth! It can't be as bad as what you went through last night!" He helped Tom from the bed and watched sadly as the boy shuffled toward the bathroom with his head hanging down morosely. Tears still flowed down his tortured face unashamedly.

Terry was sitting on the edge of his bed with his face buried in his hands just thinking, very hard, when Tom emerged from the steamy bathroom. He dried himself gingerly, trying to avoid pressure against the many already tormented areas of his body. Terry stood up and walked over to him and took the towel from his hands. He walked around behind him and gently dried his back with small pats. When he was through he handed it back to Tom.

"You'd better dry your butt yourself. Just press it dry." He forced a smile as he gazed into his brother's tired eyes. "You look a little better already!"

"Thanks. I think I feel a little better, too." He jerked with pain as he touched his rear with the towel.

Terry made him lie down again and proceeded to rub lotion over every inch of his body. His movements were very slow and easy as he soothed the liquid into every nook onto every surface. As he worked it gently into his brother's genitals, Tom's sore cock began to swell slightly beneath his twin's fingers. Terry laughed aloud and squeezed it playfully.

"You can't be that god damned sick, you fake!" Tom squirmed under the pressure of his brother's fingers. Terry gave him a little slap and made him turn over. He went through the same routine with the boy's badly damaged back and applied it to his ass... with merely a touch. Tom gritted his teeth and remained silent. The cooling lotion seemed to soothe the tortured opening. He was beginning to feel better; he was sure of it.

When his task was finished, Terry returned the lotion to the bathroom. "I think you'd better try to catch an hour's rest at least. You look beat!"

"I couldn't sleep in that damned jail and I was hurting so fuckin' bad!"

Terry helped him beneath the sheets of his own bed and pulled the covers up over his naked body. His heart went out to his brother. He didn't really want it to, the pain in his own rear attested to that, but his heart went out anyway. "You stay here. I'll be back in a minute!" He left the bedroom quietly.

He went into the dining room noisily in case his parents were there. They weren't and he could hear them in the living room talking to their own. He went very quietly to the floor cabinet and got out the bottle of bourbon. With shaky fingers he poured a shot glass full and replaced the bottle in its original position. Then he tiptoed back to his room past his parents' door. They were still talking in raised voices.

He handed the shot glass to his brother and ordered him to swallow it all in one gulp. "Here, I'll get you some water to wash it down with!" He went to the bathroom again and brought back a glass of cold water. Tom hesitated for a moment as he looked at the glass suspiciously. He put the small glass to his lips and threw his head back quickly, downing the contents in one swallow. He coughed and sputtered, reaching frantically for the water in Terry's hand. He hungrily sucked down a few mouthfuls and coughed again with distaste.

"God that stuff's awful!" He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and screwed up his face in disapproval.

"That's okay. It'll make you rest better. You need it. Now try to get a nap." He sat the half-full water glass down on the bedside stand and left the room. Tom closed his eyes gratefully and rested his blond head back on the pillow.

Terry washed the shot glass, dried it, and returned it to the exact spot where he had found it. Then he left the house and went for a long walk. When he reached the little park not far from the house on his return trip, he sat down heavily beneath a cool tree and did a lot of thinking. He had problems. Tom had problems and it looked as if he would have to be the one to solve them!

He absent-mindedly watched a bunch of young children playing wildly on the grassy ground area. He thought back fondly to the times years ago when he and Tom had played here, too. They had been such good friends, not just ordinary brothers, but pals. And there had been a time when Tom had been proud that he had an identical twin.

He rubbed his eyes thoughtfully. He wondered what had happened. When had Tom first decided that he had to put on that super-masculine front and to be different than his brother? Maybe Tom had been able to feel, maybe just physically, when he had been gay and was afraid to be anything like him. Or maybe he had been afraid that if he didn't make him a more of a super man, he'd turn, too. They'd always had kind of a mental rapport when they were younger until Tom had hurt him out.

He closed his eyes against the daylight and rested his head back against the rough bark of the tree trunk. He longed for it to be night time again so that he could sleep and not think any more. He remained there for a long time just listening to

the sounds around him. The laughter and chattering of the kids in the distance, the talk of the old couple sitting not too far from him and, somehow, above everything else the rustle of the myriads of leaves high up on the branches above him in the darkness. He opened his eyes and the darkness fled like a shadowy thief. But it had given him a few moments of respite from the world. He looked up and watched the fluttering green dancing above his head. A butterfly tried to hold onto a leaf in the breeze, lost its grip and fluttered to the ground, just as that leaf would do in the autumn. Sometimes he felt that the whole cycle of life was so futile, so beyond him. He felt lost in the vastness of it.

He sat until the voices of the children had stolen away without his knowledge. The old people were gone and he was alone. The shadows on the ground were dissolving into the shade of evening. Suddenly he felt so small, so helpless.

He peered with difficulty at his watch and saw, with shock, that it was nearly seven! He rose with a start and began walking rapidly for home. Tom would probably be awake by now and supper almost over!

When he closed the door behind him, the smell of food reached his nostrils and his stomach twisted in agony. Tom was sitting up in his bed, the bedside lamp on, and reading Terry's book. He smiled up at him as he walked over and sat down next to him on the bed.

"Hey, this is pretty good stuff. You really dig this science fiction, don't you?"

"It takes me away from everything for a while."

"And from me, too, right?" Tom folded a corner to mark his place and set the book aside.

"A lot of times, yes. At least lately!" Terry looked down at his hands idly.

"Terry, Mom and Dad think I'm a queer, don't they?" His voice was deep and serious as he looked at his brother searchingly.

"Yes, I'm afraid they do, Tom, and believe me, I didn't want it to happen this way." He looked frankly into his brother's eyes. "And I don't like the use of that word, any how."

"I'm sorry, Terry and I'm even more sorry for the way I treated you. I mean it, kid. I'm really sorry. I must have put you through hell!" His sad blue eyes misted with tears and he lowered his eyes shamefully. The salty drops fell onto his bare chest and he ignored them.

Terry reached over and wrapped his arms around the boy's shoulders, kissing him on the forehead and holding him tightly against him. He felt like crying, too, but bit his lip to control himself. He began feeling the old empathy till he could remember feeling so many years back, even at a cut on Tom's hand and he felt moved by the boy's sincerity.

"Okay, baby. Let's cut out the crap and let's concentrate on our problems. And God, we've both got 'em!" He continued to hold his brother warmly in his arms. It felt good, like old times.

Finally he let go of Tom's body reluctantly and stood up stretching. "Let me go down and get you something to eat, huh?"

"Would you? I'm starved and I don't want to face Dad or Mom right now." He looked at Terry gratefully, the last of the tears still on his cheeks. Terry reached down and wiped them tenderly away with his finger. Tom smiled up at him warmly for the first time in many years. He turned and went for the food.

His mother was just clearing the table. "Hello, dear." She smiled at him as if nothing were wrong at all.

"Hi, Mom. Thought I might get Tom and me some dinner. Sorry I'm so late!" He got two plates and started filling them with what was left on the table.

"Is . . . is he all right?" The smile was gone and she became more busy to avoid looking at him.

"He doesn't feel too good and he's very upset about the whole situation." He didn't look at her either as he spoke.

"Well, I'm glad to see that you're still looking after him. After all, he is still your brother, even if he is . . ." She never finished the sentence. Terry had tensed at the expected word.

His father walked back into the dining room to get his glasses. "Hi, son, you should have gotten it while it was hot." He patted Terry on the back genially and returned to the living room to read his newspaper. Terry had cringed at his touch.

He grabbed some silver and carried the dishes back to his room. He kicked at the door. Tom pulled it open almost instantly, standing back behind it to hide his nudity.

"God, that looks good. I'm famished!" He took a plate and returned to sit on his bed. "I just couldn't eat that crap the serve you in jail!"

Terry ate more slowly than his brother and spent most of the time simply watching Tom relish the food. He smiled to himself to see that the boy was feeling better.

After they had eaten everything on the plates he took the dirty dishes to the kitchen intending to wash them himself. His mother was just putting the last of the earlier plates away on the shelf. As Terry turned on the tap she took the utensils from his hands.

"Here, I'll do that. It's no job for a man!" She began washing them herself.

Terry stood in the doorway looking at her wondering for a few seconds and then returned to his room. God, he felt tired all of a sudden!

He called Bob from the bedroom phone and explained to him what had happened and what their problem was with their parents. The man was genuinely shocked and muttered curses under his breath as he listened. Terry sighed with relief as he put down the receiver at last. There was a smile on his face and he just sat silently, staring down at the floor.

"Who's Bob?"

"Coach Jordan. At school." The reply had been hesitant.

"What? You mean he's . . . a homosexual?" Tom looked at his brother in shocked surprise.

"Certainly. And he's not ashamed of it!" He paused for moment. "And for that matter, neither am I!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Tom shook his head in disbelief and lay back down on the bed.

"And don't you ever breathe a word of it! You hear me?" Terry's voice sounded menacing and Tom looked over at him with a hurt expression on his face.

"You know I wouldn't. Not now." He rose suddenly, grunting at the pain in his rear. He went to the closet and pulled out one of his boots. "Here. I want you to have these. You can do anything you want with them!" He brought the pictures and the brochure over and tossed them onto Terry's bed. The boy looked down at them for a few moments and then up at his brother.

"I guess you do mean everything you're saying. I think you really do!" He smiled at Tom and he felt warm inside. "And I'm glad, Tom."

Tom flopped back down on the bed and groaned in agony. "God damn it! I keep forgetting that damned asshole!" Terry was tearing up the incriminating evidence into tiny pieces and minutes later Tom heard him flushing them down the toilet. He sighed with relief. He was glad it was over, finally over. He was glad he had given them to Terry.

"Bob is coming over tomorrow evening and talk with Mom and Dad." Terry said it almost casually.

"What for?"

"To assure them that he knows you well enough to be certain that you're not gay and to tell them some kind story about the guys that worked you over!"

"He's not going to get you into any trouble, is he?" Tom sat up and looked at him in alarm.

"No, he's a very good friend . . . and a smart guy!" Terry began undressing for bed.

"That's great. Thanks, little brother! Thanks a lot, for everything!" Tom looked up at the ceiling with a broad smile on his face. He glanced over at his brother's now nude body and frowned. The words on his chest were glaring and fire-red. "God, that looks bad. I'm sorry, man. I really am sorry!" His voice was shaky with emotion.

"Okay, forget it. It'll go away . . . some time." Terry crawled between the cool sheets and took a deep breath to relax. Tom reached up and snapped off the light. They lay there in the darkness silently for a few minutes just thinking their own individual thoughts.

"Terry . . ."

"Yeah?"

"I want to pay you back for all you've done for me."

"Okay, maybe you can do me a favor some time."

"That's what I want to do right now. I want to do you a favor."

"What kind of a favor is that?" Terry's interest was piqued.

"I, I want . . . to go down on you." The voice was soft and low.

"What?" Terry couldn't believe his ears and almost yelled aloud.

"I said . . . I want to give you a blow job." Tom's face was burning red in the darkness.

"I think you're full of shit. You're talking through the top of your head," he whispered hoarsely.

Terry heard his brother shift in bed and then the door lock snapped closed. He could hear Tom's feet coming closer to him in the dark.

"That's all I'd need right now for Dad to walk in and find me suckin' you off!" Tom laughed nervously as he gently pulled the covers off of his brother's naked body.

Terry trembled for his brother's dick to find out what Tom's real feeling was about his proposed action. It was rock hard and throbbing in his hand. Terry smiled into the darkness of the room. Suddenly he felt Tom's warm mouth wrap itself softly around his own hardening cock and began working up and down slowly. He didn't apply much pressure but his tongue licked at the head of Tom's cock as he bobbed up and down slowly. His hands weren't touching Terry's body, only his mouth, as Tom kneeled on the floor beside him.

As Terry moaned with delight, the sucking quickened and Tom began breathing hard against his skin. He moved his hips slowly up and down to make it easier for the other boy. Tom went all the way down on it to the very base in one smooth stroke and Terry almost called the whole thing off when he heard his brother moan uncontrollably. But the hand was kept working without a missing a single stroke.

Terry relaxed against his pillow and rested his head on Tom's bare shoulder. "More suction, baby," he gasped eagerly. The pressure increased immensely and Terry's little surge began down low and worked its way up slowly. The suction held on. The sucking increased rapidly in speed as Terry let out a slight groan. He was gonna cum. It shot out into the inexperienced mouth violently, shocking Tom. Choke once or twice as he continued to work feverishly on his brother's big cock. Terry could hear him swallowing with difficulty and felt a little sorry for him. The sperm continued to flow and punctually onto the white pillow and it washed the orgasm out of the boy's mouth with its sweet warmth. Slowly it subsided a few more smaller spots and it was all over. Tom continued to suck at the joint slowly, pulling anything out that might still be inside. When it was completely soft he stopped his mouth from sucking and stole quietly back to his own bed and crawled beneath the covers trying to clear the sticky juice from his throat. Terry heard him take a few gulps of water from the glass on the stand between the beds.

"Don't you want me to take you too?"

"Nope . . ." There was a relaxed sigh.
"Why not?"

"Because then it wouldn't be a favor." Tom turned over onto his side. "Just get some sleep. We'll need it tomorrow!"

"Goodnight, Tom . . . and thank. I enjoyed that."

"Goodnight . . . and you're welcome. So did I."

There were a few minutes of silence and then Tom spoke without turning back toward his brother. "Terry, do you think I'm goin' to turn . . . gay?" The question was almost as fully asked, the voice quiet.

"I don't know. What difference would it make?" Terry had been both shocked and pleased by the whole event.

"None, I guess. Night!" In a few minutes they were both peacefully asleep.

Terry met Bob at the front door the next evening and led him first to his room.

"I can't take very much time, Terry. I called your father and he's expecting me in just a few minutes."

They had entered the bedroom and Tom got to his feet immediately at the sight of the familiar man. "Hi, Coach. Thanks for what you're doing!" They shook hands warmly.

"That's okay, Tom. my pleasure!" Tom's shirt was off and the marks were obvious all over his chest and back. "Good god! They really did work you over, didn't they?" He shook his head in disbelief at what he saw. Tom blushed slightly and pulled the shirt off. Terry reached up quickly and unbuttoned the top button of his own shirt. He had to tell Bob about his situation with Tom and he'd just as soon he didn't find out.

Bob turned and looked into Terry's bright blue eyes. "Does he know . . . I mean about me?"

"Yes, I didn't think you'd mind and it made him feel a lot better!"

"That's not why I asked." He walked up to the boy and took him in his arms tenderly. He kissed him warmly on the lips and held Terry tightly against him. Tom stood with his mouth open in amazement but remained silent. He'd never been able to get used to the idea of this big, handsome bruiser being . . . homosexual!

Bob released him and reached into his pocket pulling out his car keys. "Here. Take my car and drive Tom over to Doc Allen's place. It's only a few blocks from here." Terry took the keys hesitantly. "I've already called him and explained the whole thing about last night. He's very sympathetic." He turned and looked at Tom. "And you can trust him completely, believe me." He walked to the door and took the knob. "Terry, you'd better come with me and introduce me to your father first."

Terry led his brother from the house almost timidly a few minutes later as the two men became acquainted in the living room.

"I understand that you want to talk to me about . . . Tom."

"Yes, I do. I think some things should be explained. For his sake and for your own!"

"I had promised myself not to talk to or about that boy, not ever again, but I guess I owe him that much. He is my son unfortunately."

"I don't think it's unfortunate at all, Sir. He's a fine boy and he's not a homosexual! It doesn't matter what you think, but I know him too well to believe otherwise." Bob lit a cigarette and offered one to Tom's father. "As you know yourself, working with boys in a rather exposed atmosphere such as a gymnasium, showers and everything else, I have a chance to observe them and to analyze their behavior, unusual or otherwise, and Tom's all man, every inch of him. He's perfectly normal!"

"Regardless of what you may say, Coach Jordan, it doesn't change the fact that he was found by the Police last night with his mouth on another man's penis. To me, that's being queer . . . I mean "homosexual"!" The man was firm and his lips were now pressed tightly together.

"Tom, according to Terry, had been involved in some rather shady dealing with that bunch of . . . creeps and that's not unusual for boys in high school!" He snuffed his cigarette out slowly in the ashtray still at the man had handed him. "And, we just thought they decided to have a little fun with him and they forced him to perform various acts which he had no desire to do."

"I forced him, my foot. He's a pretty tough boy. They'd have a hard time making him do anything he didn't want to do. I know him too well believe me! He's as stubborn as a bull and almost as strong!"

"It doesn't work that way with this bunch. You can't fight an entire group of grown men who are perfectly willing to use their pipes or anything else on someone to gain their own ends. And they did use them on Tom, in fact I sent him with Terry to see my doctor. He's very badly hurt! I hope you don't mind?"

"What do you mean . . . hurt. How badly?" The older man was turned directly toward him now and looking onward anxiously. "What did they do to him? The police didn't tell me anything about that part of it!"

"The police seldom do, sir. They're too busy with other matters to become involved, I guess." He lit another cigarette nervously. "Nevertheless, they stripped your son and beat him with whips, rode a motorcycle over the entire length of his body and used some rather sharp . . . instruments all over the outside of his body . . . and the inside." His hands were shaking now and he held the loose one between his knees to control it.

"What do you mean . . . 'inside' of his body, Coach Jordan?" Tom's father knitted his brows and frowned angrily.

"They raped him with sharp metal studs. He's very badly damaged inside." It was all out all that should be out, anyhow, and he sighed visibly with relief.

"Oh for God's sake! What kind of an animal would hurt a young boy, especially that way!" His voice was hard and cold and he gritted his teeth together in anger.

"That's exactly what I see myself, sir, but they're in jail and I'm sure the law will make them pay for what they did."

to Tom!"

"On my God!" The older man sapped his forehead with the palm of his hand. "Speaking of hurting the boy, what have I done by thinking that he was a sexual deviate? He'll hate me for the rest of his life."

"I wouldn't worry about it. Kids his age are very resilient and very forgiving. Just take him as a man to man and tell him that you're sorry. That's all there's to it. Please try!"

"Not tonight. I'll have to think of something to say first and just how to say it. God, I feel terrible about this whole affair especially for the fact that he's hurt physically and that I only hurt him even more emotionally."

"Just try what I suggested. You've got two fine boys there. They won't give you any trouble if you don't give them any!"

Tom's father shook his hand enthusiastically as they stood up. "I want to thank you Coach Jordan. Bob, I can't begin to repay you, but I promise that I will try to get you these new goal posts you've been asking for!" He smiled warmly at the big man.

Bob laughed. "You're on . . . and you're also very welcome!"

Just then the two boys entered the house and started immediately for their room. Both men moved forward quickly to meet them.

"Son." Both boys stopped and looked over at him questioningly.

"Tom, how do you feel?"

"Oh, all right, Dad, I guess." Tom looked nervously down at his feet and stood waiting.

"Son, I want you to know that the Coach told me the whole story and I want to apologize. I am truly ashamed of the way I acted. Forgive me?"

"Sure, Dad, sure. But I really don't feel like talking about it right now. I kind of hurt, ya' know?"

I understand. We can talk more about it tomorrow. What did the doctor say?"

"He said I'd live. Die. That's all. I'll live." Tom continued down the hall without another word. Terry following close behind him.

Bob smiled at Tom's father and shook his hand again. "That's okay. Give him time. Give yourself time. Everything will work. It's my fault." He turned to follow the two boys. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll tell Terry and Tom goodnight and see if there's anything I can do to help everybody."

"Thanks. Thanks again, Bob. You're a great guy!" Bob nodded his head and went to the kids' room.

He closed the door behind him quietly. "He's going to be okay, Tom. He really feels badly about everything and he's very worried about you. What did the doctor really tell you?"

Terry pulled a tube of ointment from a box. "He wants me to apply it to this here twice a day." There was a long tube with the medication. "Both inside and out." Tom groaned at the thought. "He says it isn't as bad as he was afraid it would be. He said that cuts tissue heals very fast."

"Good. Now I've got to get going or Roger will kill me! He says to tell you 'fello' You've got to come over this next weekend and bring Tom with you. For dinner only, I promise." He chuckled and kissed Terry gently on the mouth. Terry gave him a hug as Tom stood there watching in resignation. Bob looked over at the boy affectionately and hesitated for a moment. Then he went up to Tom and kissed him on the forehead and held him tightly against him for a few seconds. The boy relaxed completely in his arms, the tension flowing away slowly.

"Thanks, Coach. Thanks a hell of a lot. You don't know how much it means to me!" Bob released him and looked deep into his beautiful eyes.

"Yes, I think I do. I was glad to help!" Tom raised his head up and pressed his lips against Bob's timidly. Bob responded but only slightly. Then he turned and left with a casual wave of his hand.

The two boys stood looking at each other. Terry smiled at his brother understandingly. They talked quietly until they were called to dinner. They both ate at the table with their folks and nothing was mentioned about the whole matter. It was a little like a happy family reunion and Tom was filled with gratitude. The pain had almost been worth it.

Later that evening, as they got ready for bed, Tom was quiet and moody. Little was said and his face was tense with deep thought.

"What's the matter, big brother?" Terry went to get the medication from the bathroom.

"Oh, nothing. Just thinking, that's all. I've been doing a lot of that the last couple of days! Tom's voice was pensative and detached.

"So have I. So have I." breathed Terry almost to himself as he applied the ointment to Tom's butt. The boy yelped when Terry inserted the plastic tube and squeezed out some of the stuff into his rectum. Terry patted his bare ass and set the tube aside for morning. They slid it to their beds almost thankfully. It had been one hell of a long day. Tom reached up and snapped off the light still not saying anything. They lay in the darkness listening to their own heartbeats for many long minutes. Neither could go right to sleep. There was so much to think about.

"Terry, do you still hate my guts?" His voice was so soft, it could barely be heard.

"No . . . no. I don't think so." Terry cleared his throat.

"Good." The voice was gentle.

"Why? It never bothered you before."

"Because I think I love you." His words were slow and emphatic.

"I love you, too, you big bastard!" Terry laughed quietly to himself.

"No no. You don't understand!" Tom coughed nervously. His voice was shaky. "What I meant was . . . I mean . . . I'm in love with you, Terry!" Then he added, "I mean, I think I am." There was a heavy sigh followed by a tense silence. Terry's mind swirled from shock.

"Oh come on now. To use your own words you're talking like a queer." It was the only thing he had been able to think of to say at a time he wished he hadn't.

"Maybe I am. I don't know. I just don't know."

"Well, don't feel so unique. I've been in love with you for years, I thought I was the only one." Terry was trembling and the bed was shaking beneath his body.

"Oh God." Tom choked on his own sudden tears as he threw himself out of bed and ran over to his brother. "Oh God, Terry, I do love you. He buried his face against Terry's bare chest and sobbed long and hard. The sobs slowly burned the wounds on his chest but Terry still held him close and cried into his own pillow without shame. Finally Tom raised his wet face and kissed his brother softly on the lips, inserting his tongue hesitantly, tentingly between them. Their bodies seemed to blend into one as they pressed against each other in the dark.

Finally Tom turned his brother away from him with authority and wrapped his arms tightly and securely around his small waist. Suddenly Tom chuckled softly to himself, his breath hot against the back of Terry's neck.

"Now what, big brother?" Terry wriggled up closer against his warmth enjoying the feeling of security afforded by his brother's strong arms. He smiled to himself in the darkness.

"Nothing. I was just thinking, that's all." His hands moved silently beneath the covers and the fingertips came together against Terry's stiff nipples. He pinched them simultaneously, playfully but painfully. Terry squirmed in his arms.

"Thinkin' what, big shot?"

"When I get to feeling better, little brother, you'd better buckle down, that's all." His breath was hot against Terry's ear sending goosebumps up and down his back.

"Right." Terry, still smiling to himself, coughed nervously. "Just what does that mean?"

"It means, smart ass, that I'm still boss around here and I'm gonna give the orders, that's all it means." He let go of Terry's tits and squeezed the breath out of him. His brother grunted and pressed harder against his warm flesh in the darkness of the room. Tom's cock swelled against his brother's bare ass.

"That's okay. I like you giving the orders, big brother." Terry grunted again as if to himself. "You forgot to lock the door."

"Fuck 'em!" Tom settled himself more comfortably and sighed heavily.

"Yes, Sir."

They slept in each other's arms for the entire night. Neither of them uttered another word. It just didn't seem necessary any more.

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Non-smoker. No hunting. Box 203

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24.

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play.

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and up. Box 149

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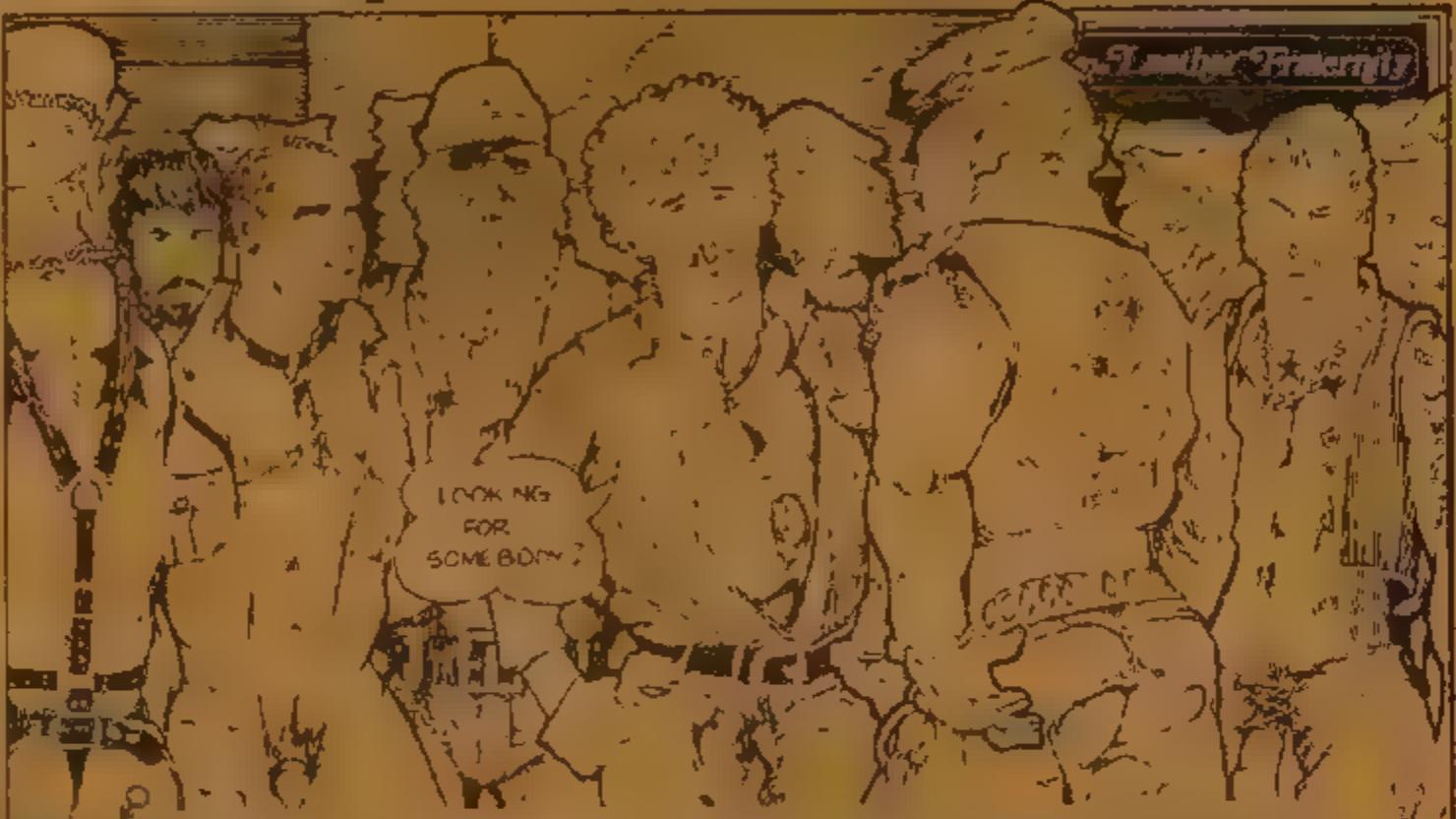
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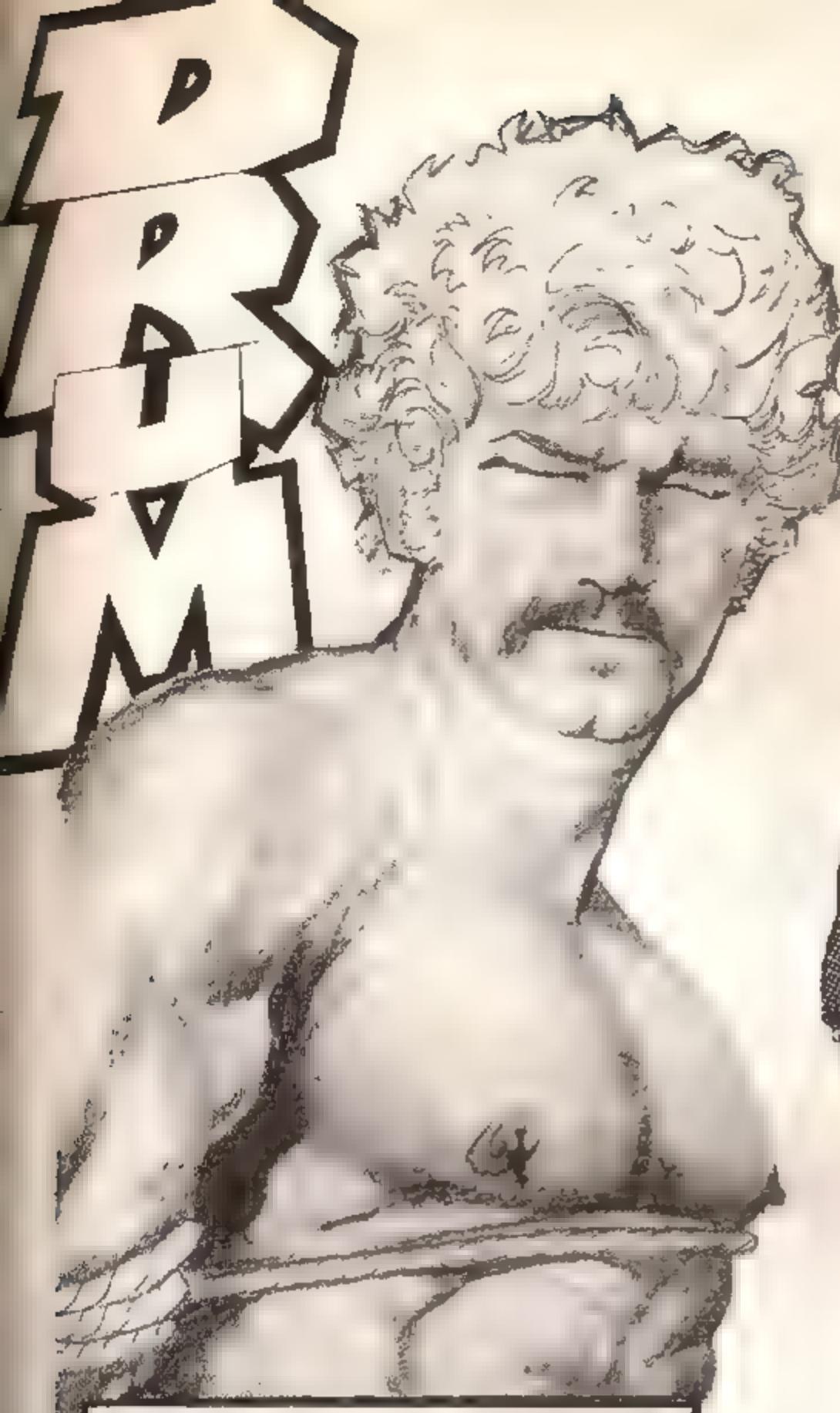
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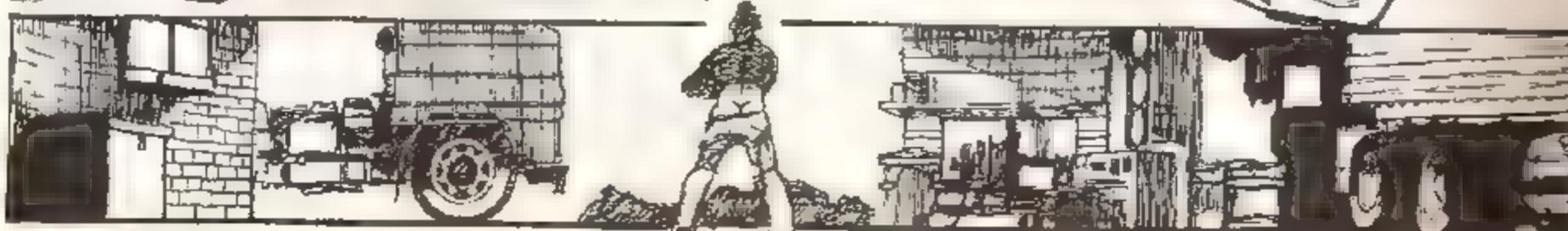
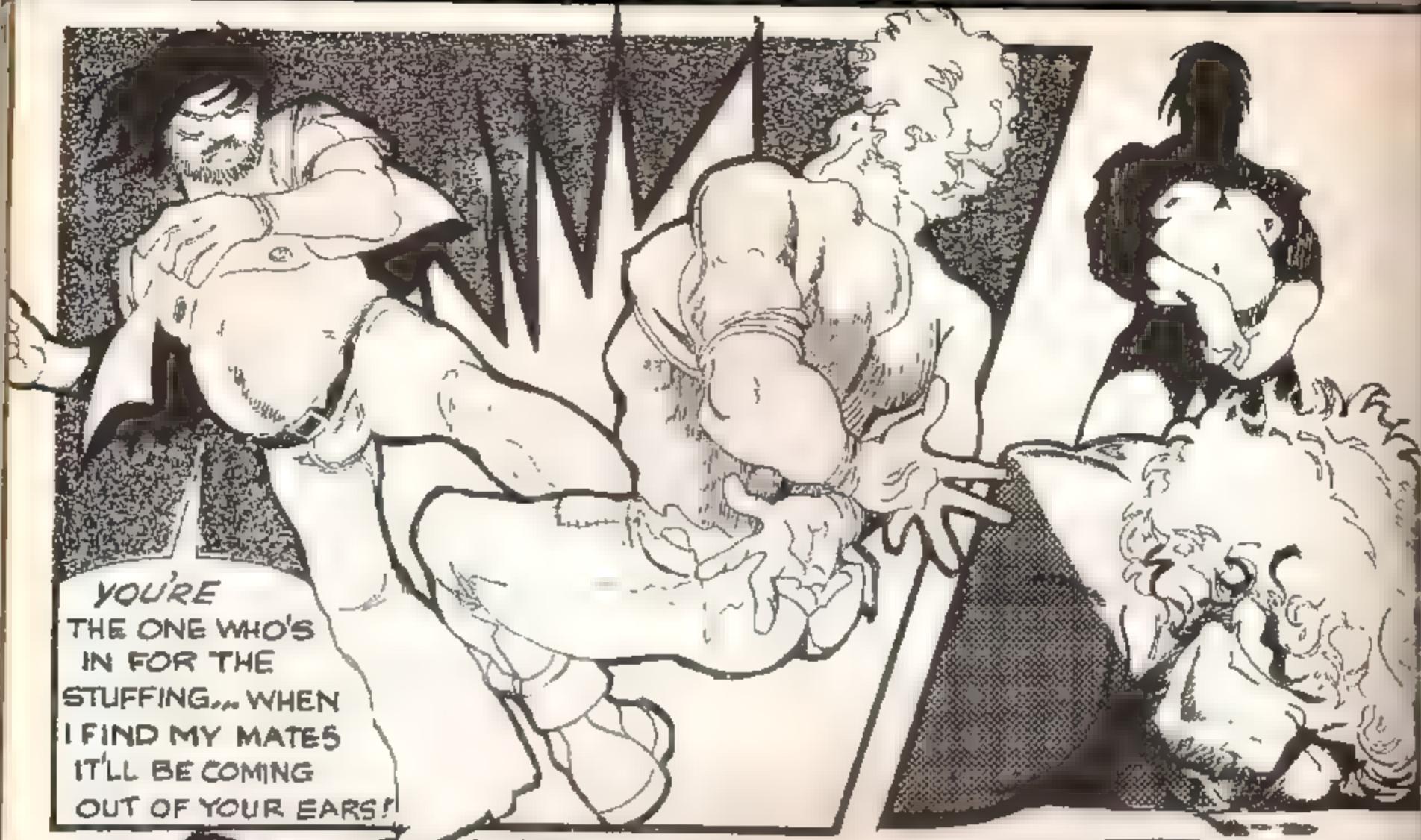
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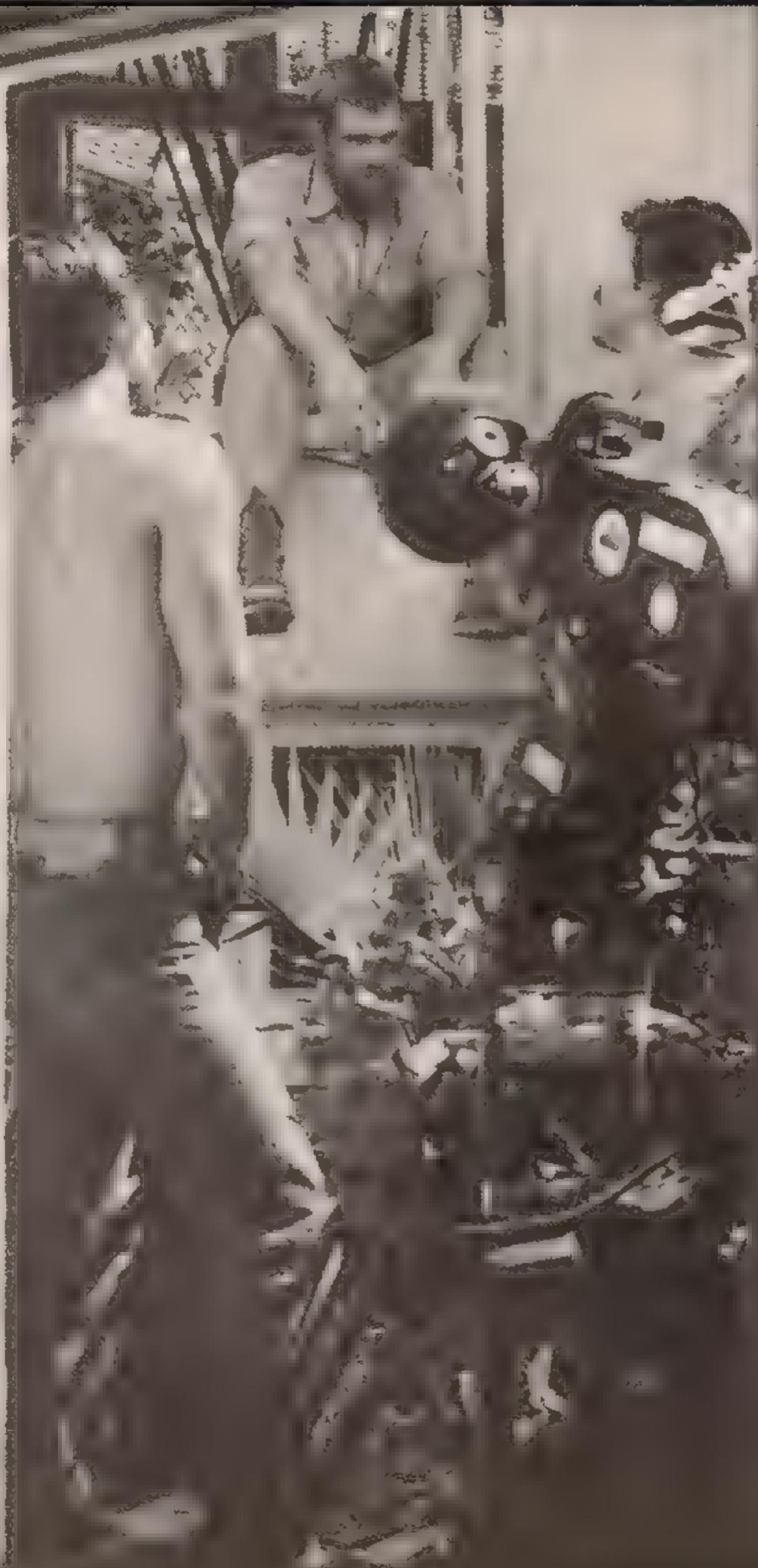
DRUM'S SENSES CAME
BACK TO HIM SLOWLY...
HE GRADUALLY BECAME
AWARE OF THE STRAIN ON
HIS ARMS AND THE REASON.



NOW TO
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CONVERSATION I SO
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THE WHEREABOUTS
OF MY TWO
MATES, CASS AND
BAT.



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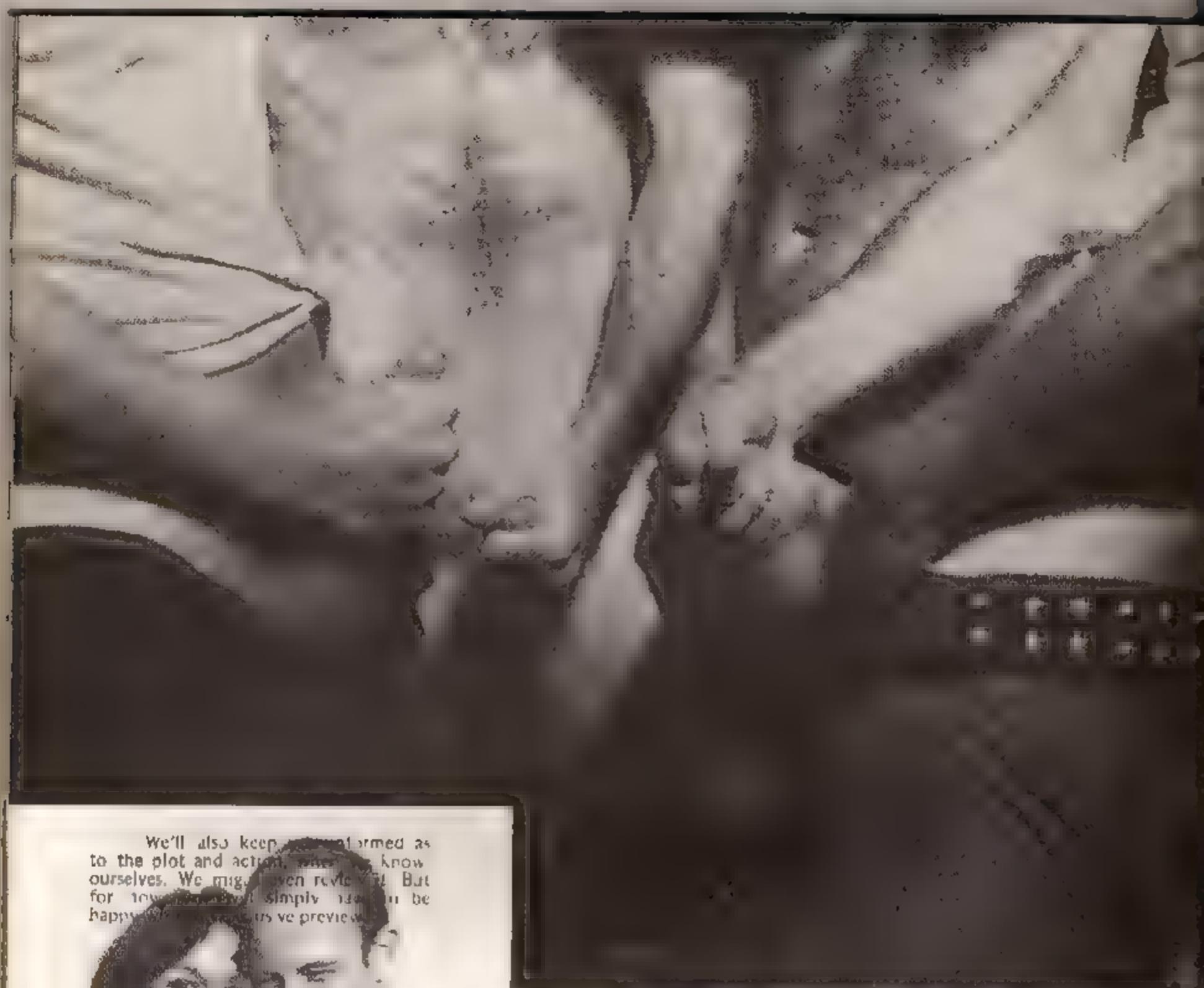


E

350 Wrecking Corp.

DRUMMER presents an exclusive peek into what promises to be another hot, new film from director Joe Gage and Producer Sam Gage, who excited us all last year with their "Kansas City Trucking Company." KCTC was made with a professionalism generally lacking in gay male porn. We don't know yet the story line. But we do know the stars include: Ted Hasted, our coverman Steve King, Jeanne Marie Marchand, Stan Braddock, Mike Morris, Jared Benson, Locke and a hot new discovery Guillermo Riccardo. DRUMMER will feature an interview with the Gages and their dedication to the upgrading of male films in our next issue.





We'll also keep you informed as to the plot and action, as we know ourselves. We might even review it. But for now, you will simply have to be happy with our exclusive preview.



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Y'ALL COME!



"Okay, Steve. You can breathe out now. Steve Steve?"

Steve Reeves' Screen Test

It is no secret that the dialogue for most Italian produced muscle epics is put in later and the voices belong to actors other than those on the screen. Many have wondered what the voice of the mighty Steve Reeves really sounds like. That we can't bring you. But we can fill you in on what was *really* be-

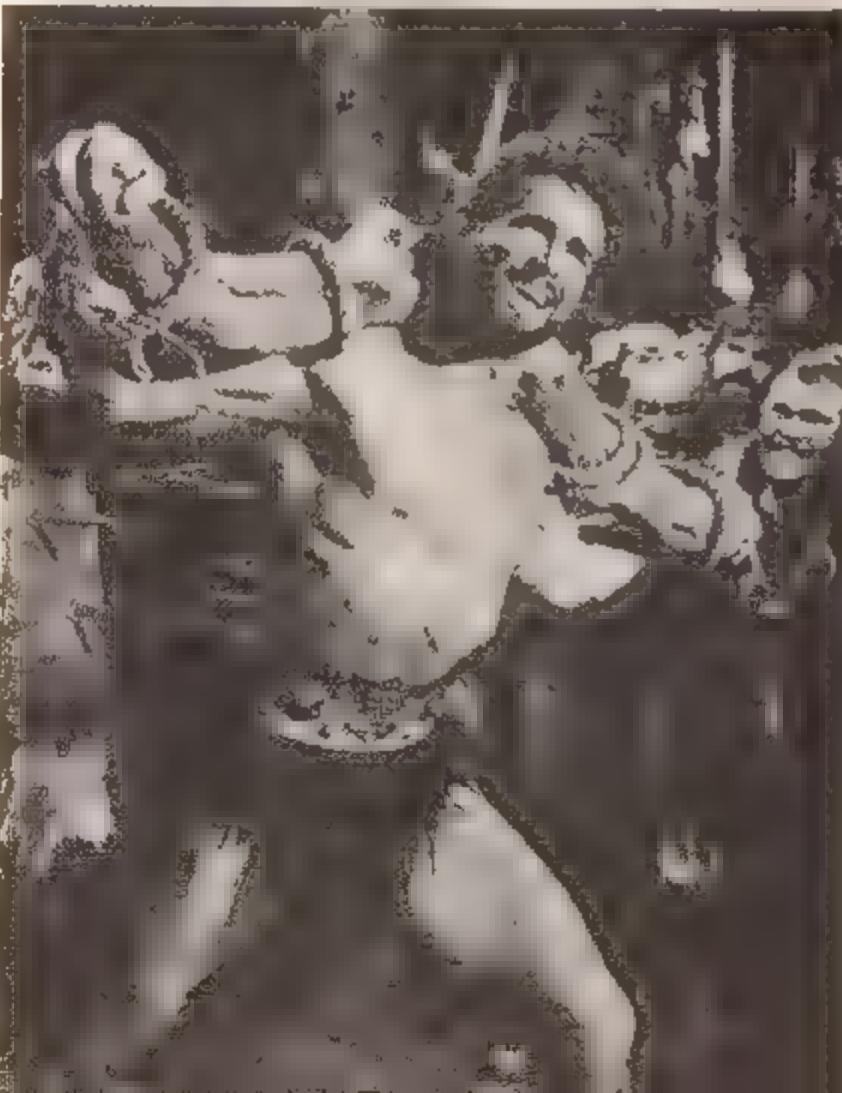
"I swear I'll never again squeeze the Charmin."



"Let's see. For an S, it's chains on the right. Or is it left? Or is it left for Top on the West Coast and right for Top in New York? Or is it in the middle in the midwest?"

ing said in some of these Reeves' pas de deux from the muscle musical "Barbell Romance," an Arnold Schwarzenegger film in Stereoscopic. Photos courtesy of Alan Tuck. Dialogue by Jack Fritscher, Robert Payne and the hangers-on around the art desk, who would be most happy to give Mr. Reeves equal time, should he care to come around.

Tits and ass won't get you jobs...unless they're yours.





"Get down, sweat hog, and lick my pits."



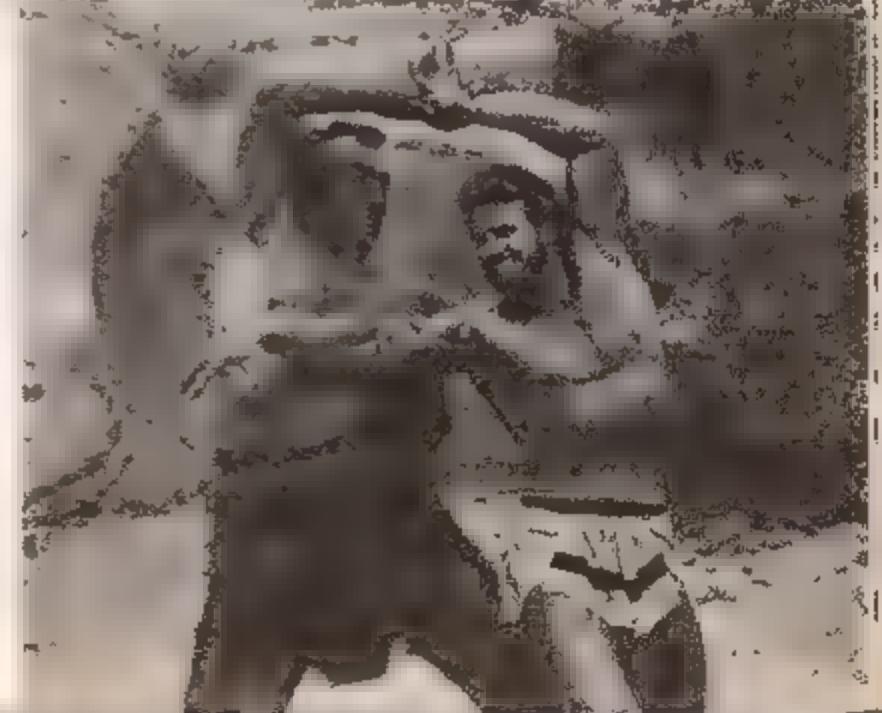
"Alright, who threw that pie?"



"What do you guys mean the scene isn't over? I distinctly heard the director yell, 'Cut!'"

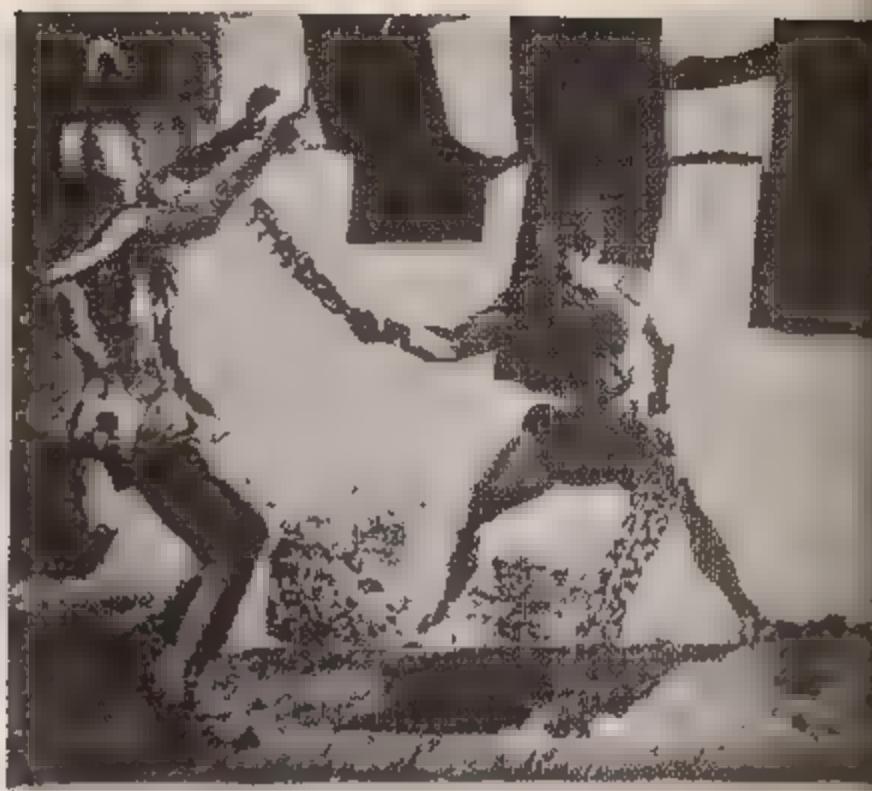
"What the fuck you mean you gave my name at the clinic?"

"Are you positive this is how Nureyev auditioned for Valentino?"

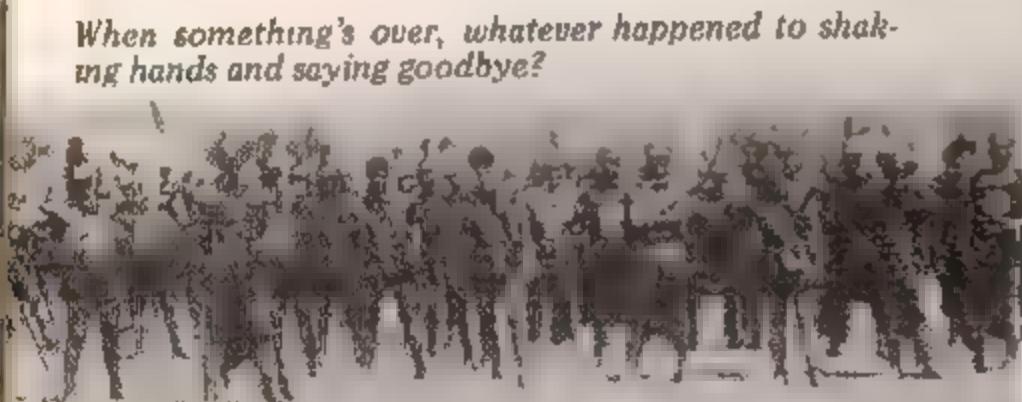




Steve stretches between two horses' asses. Costarring as the gelding on the left is Richard Pryor. The mare on the right is Rep. John Briggs.



"I told you to fuck off. I'm looking for Mr. Goodbar."



When something's over, whatever happened to shaking hands and saying goodbye?



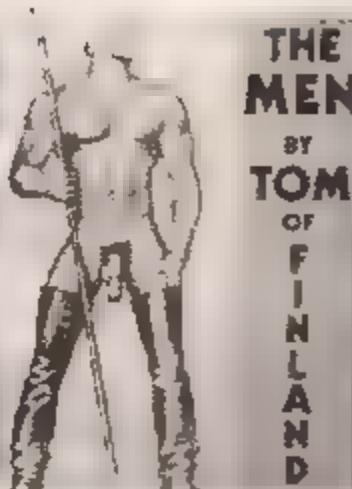
Steve warms up for one of singer Anita Bryant's greatest hits . . .



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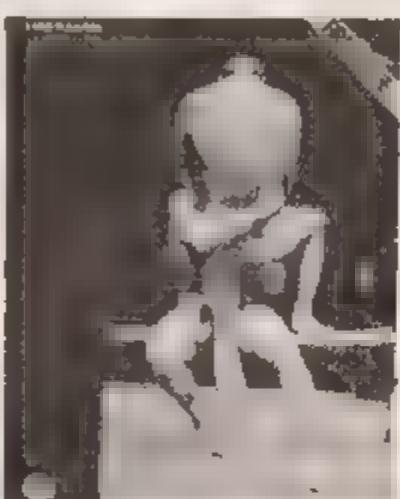
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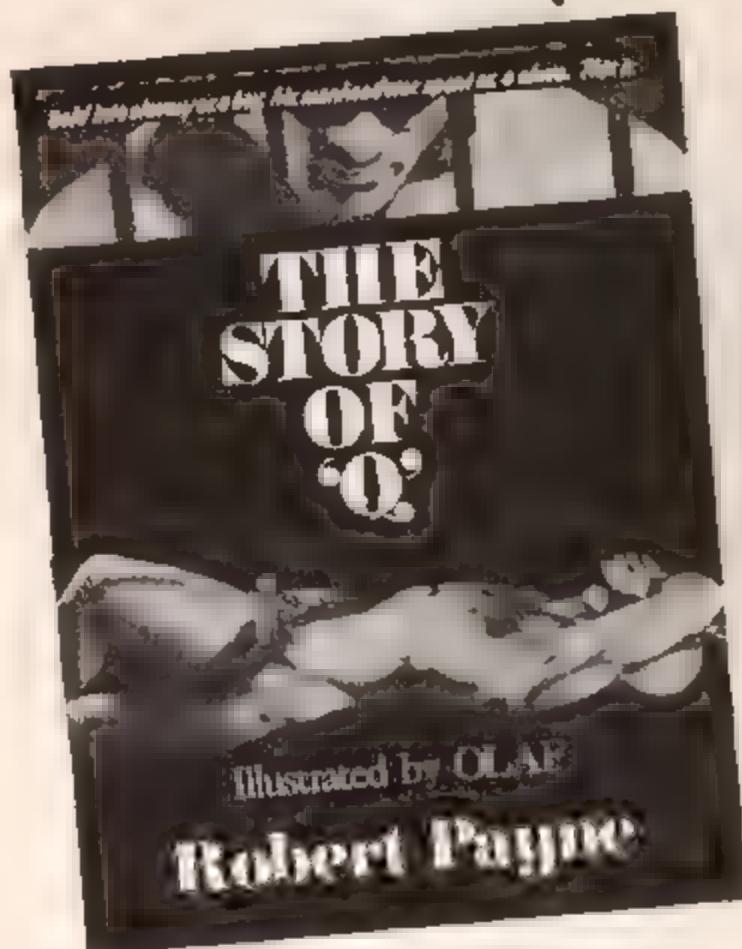
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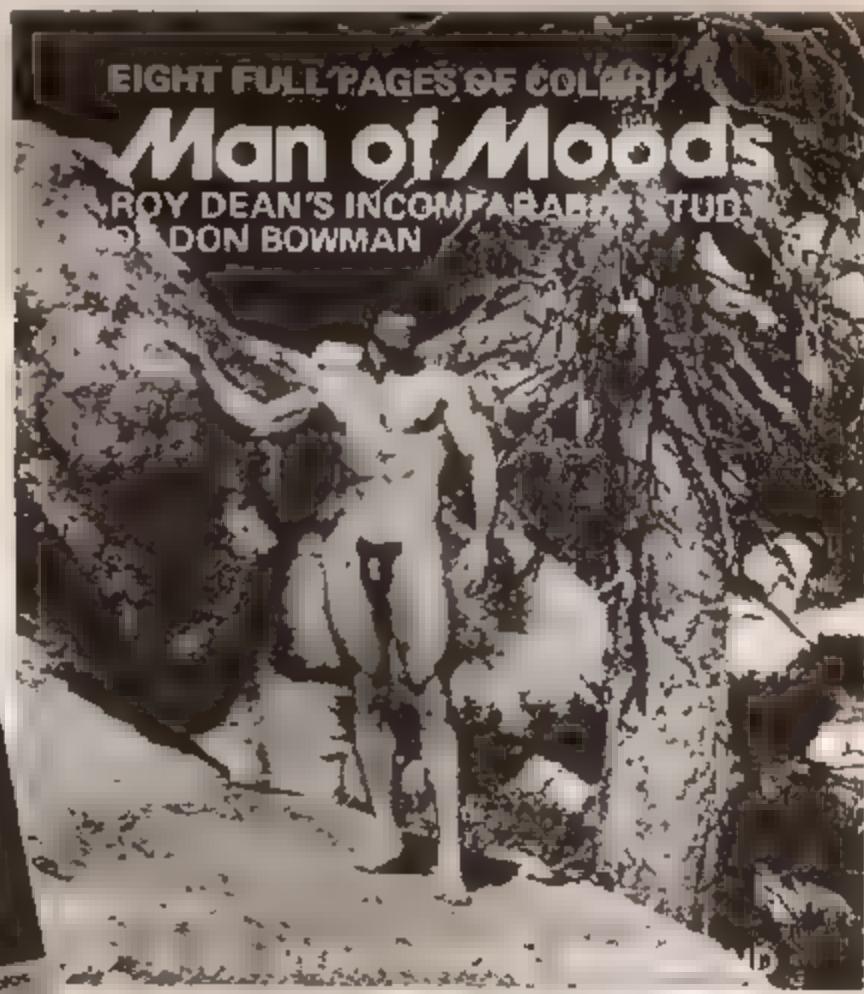
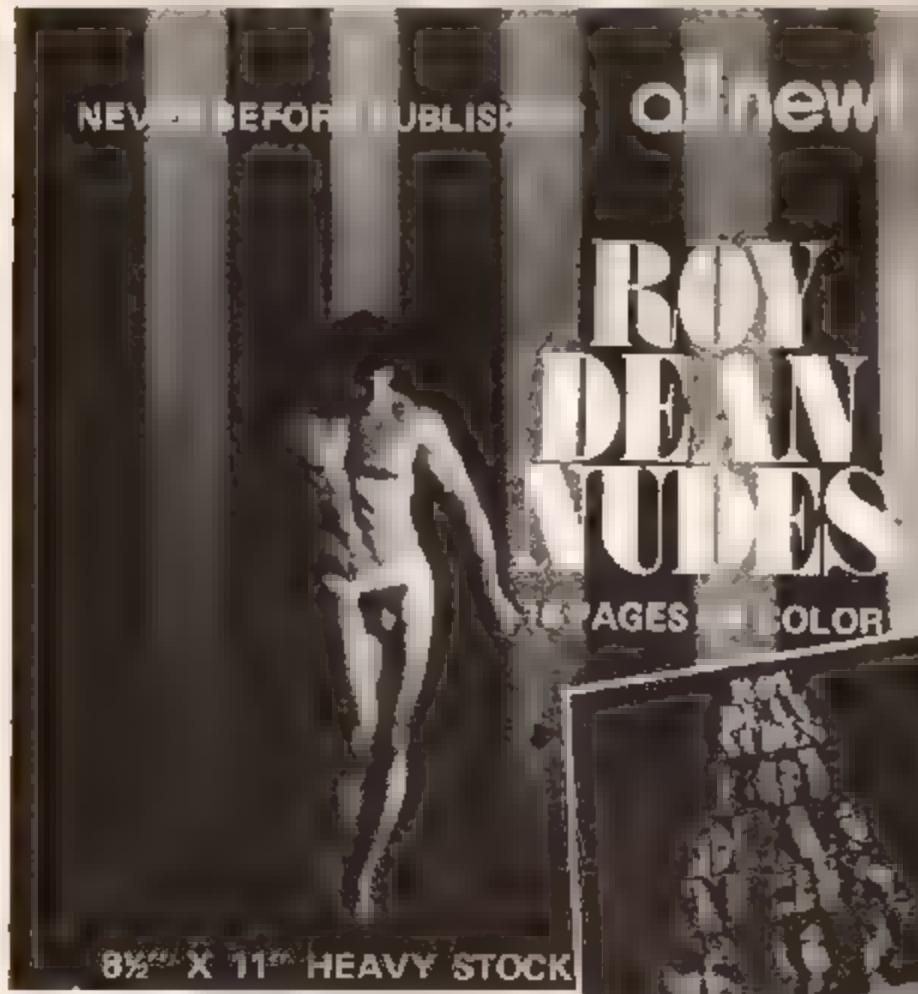
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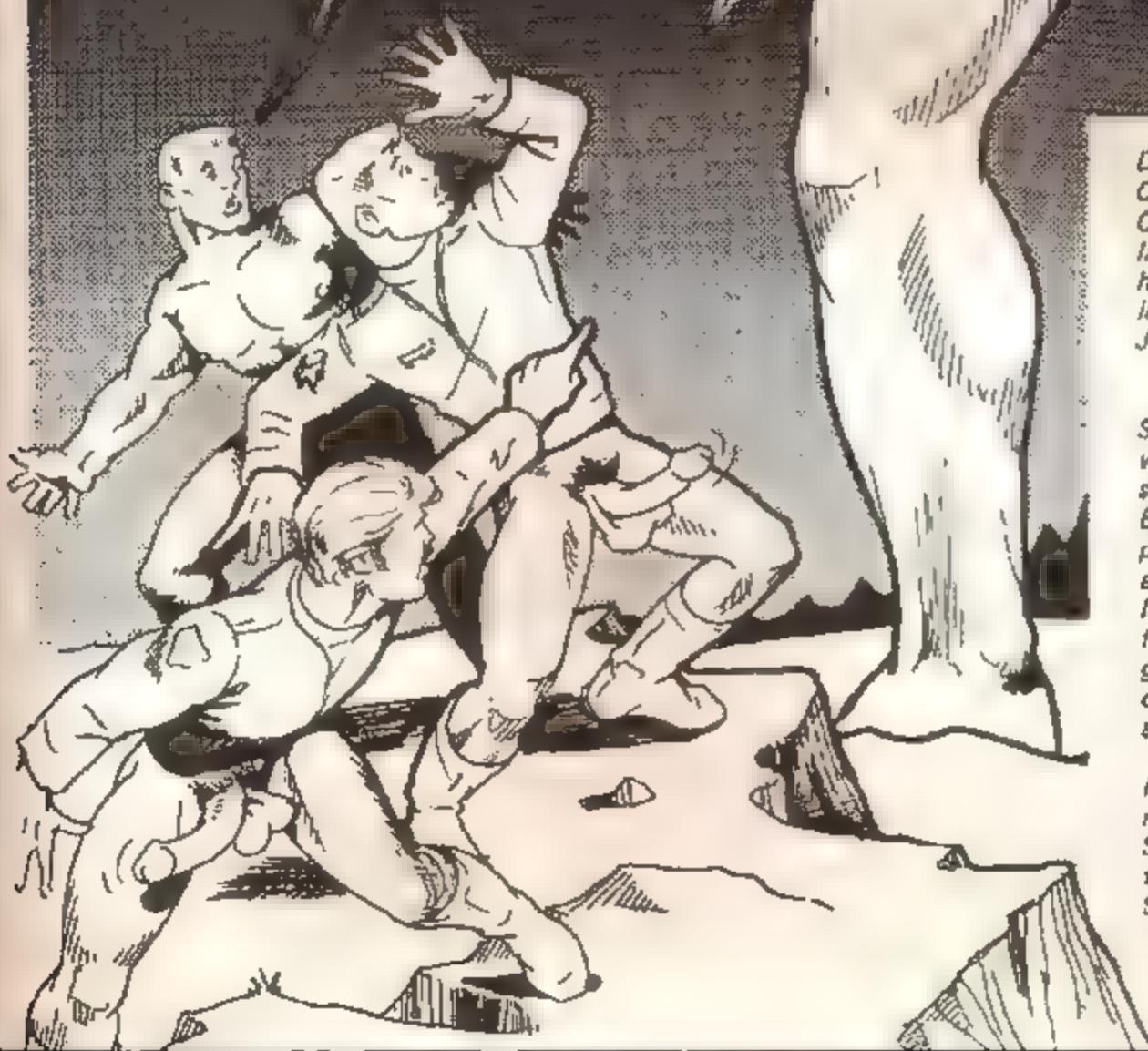
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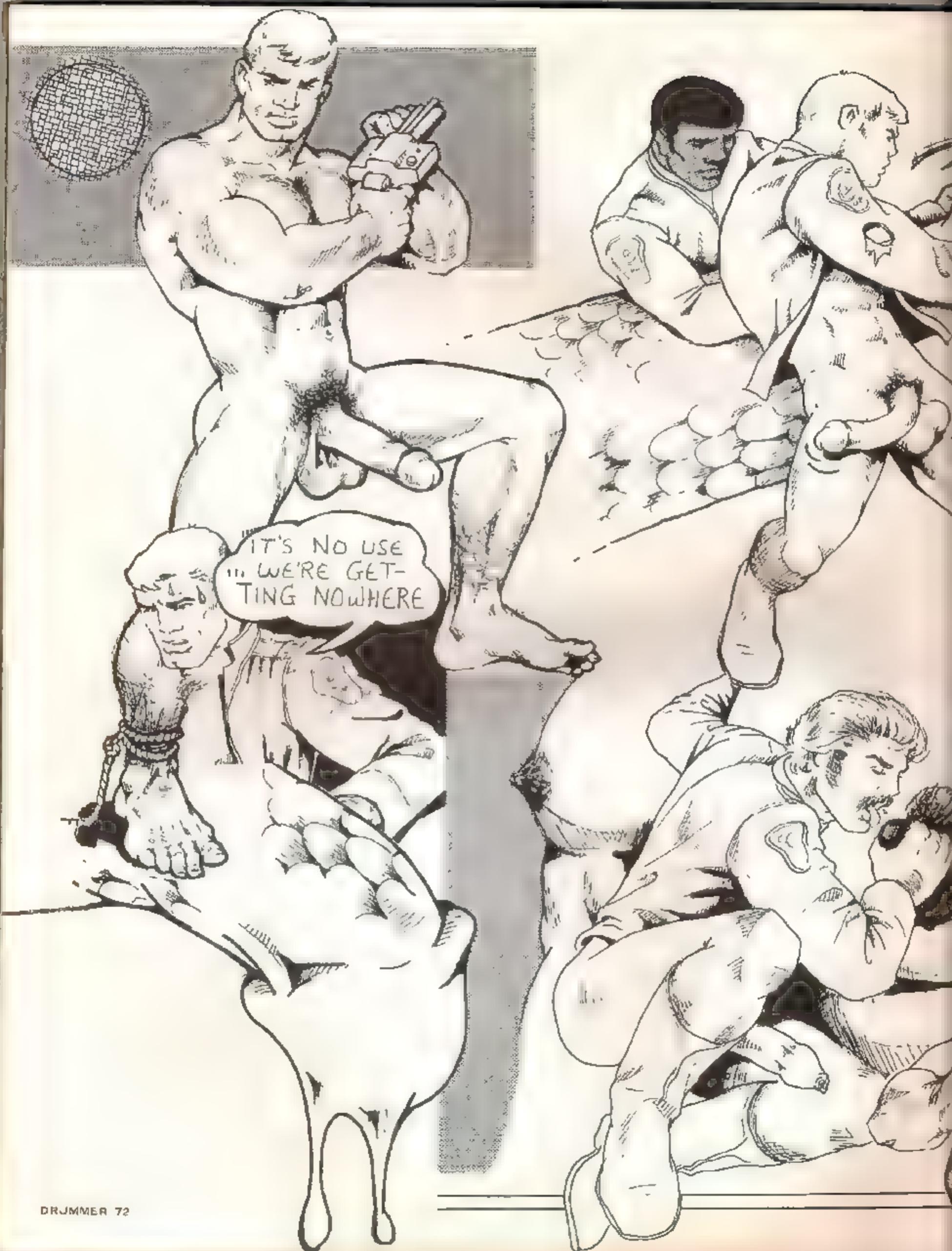
Darth Vader has nothing on Dom's Captain Kirk. In fact, STAR TRICK's Captain Kirk has nothing on at all. At last, STAR TREK's best special effects hang revealed. No longer is the enterprising spaceman basketed in those bouncy JCPenny's pajamas.

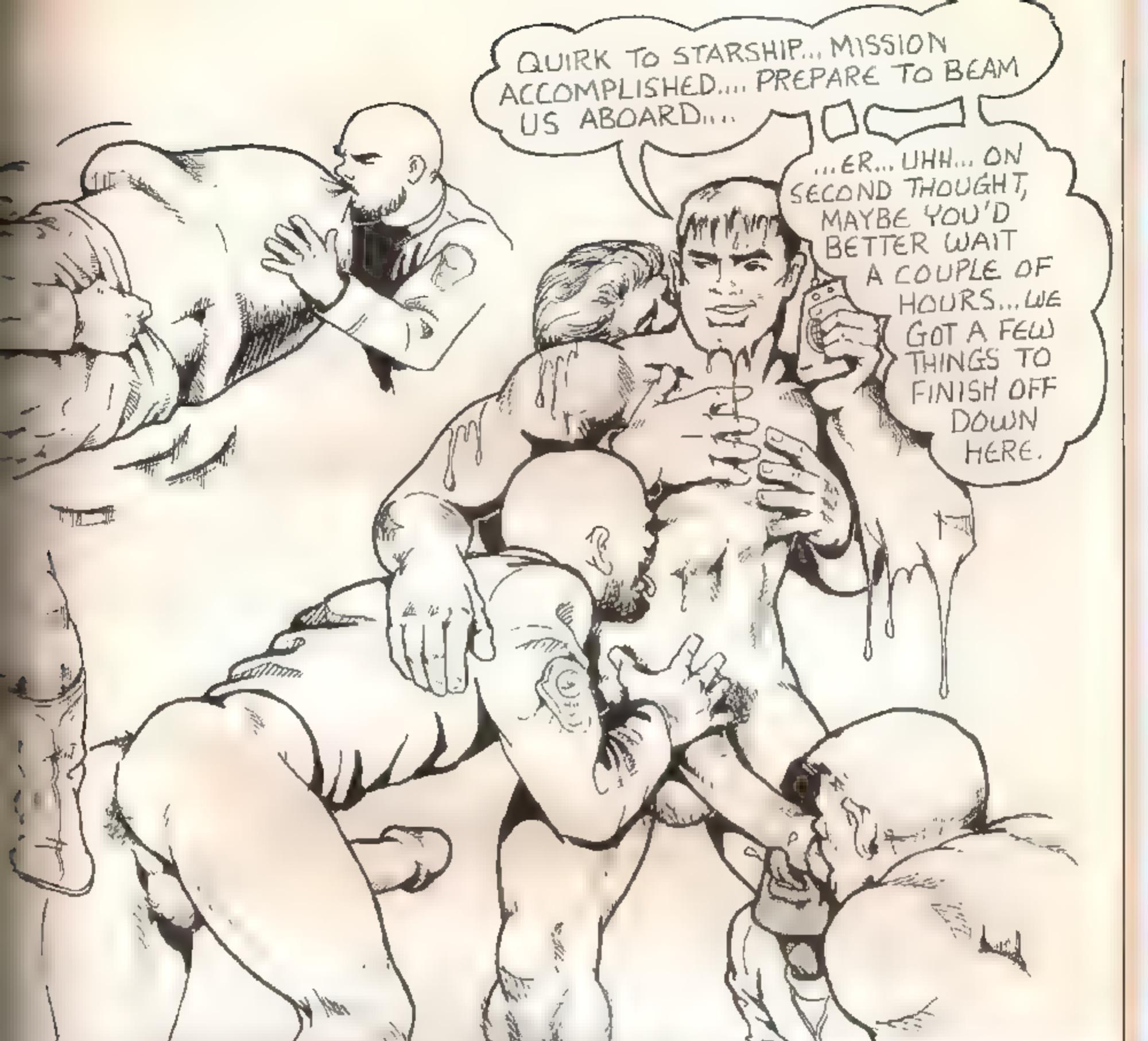
Strip a Trekkie. Get a Trickie.

DRUMMER gladly sneak previews STAR TRICK. This strip is the latest work by starwalker Dom O'rejudo who signs his murals and paintings as Etienne and Stephen. Dom aims to please. DRUMMER aims to tease. After all, no preview ought to expose the great lengths to which Dom's drawings go. Suffice it to say that a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, Captains Outrageous dived head first into the ultimate space probe.

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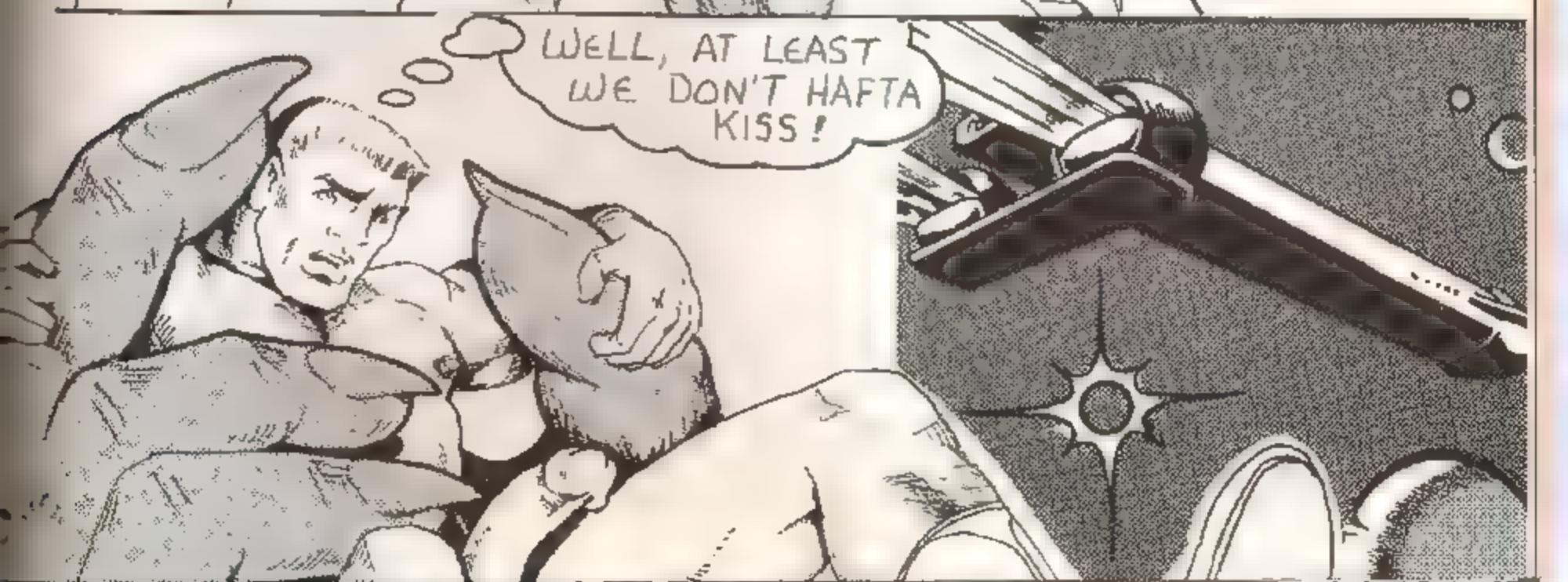
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BOOTRACK

FROM THE BOOT RACK

By
Arnell Larsen

A question frequently asked by both friends and B.A.S. members alike is 'Can one possibly be sexually attracted by both shoes and boots? Is one more of a turn on than the other?'

I would answer in the affirmative to both questions. One can get their rocks off with a boot buried firmly in their crotch while licking hell out of a cordovan wing-tip, then shooting into or on whichever pleases you the most. Thus, a boot-lover may claim a liking for shoes, but a pair of boots may generate more of an excitement. The same holds true for a guy, heavy into boots, whose head may turn and he wets his lips when a serviceman walks by in highly-polished military shoes or police regulation shoes. Of course the wearer lends the enchantment as well.

One cannot serve two masters or have two lovers — for one will get more attention and love than the other. Only the wise one can balance the scale evenly, concealing his feelings — but there is always some doubt even to himself. Guilt feelings may hide the true fact that a bootist cherishes an equal number of shoes among his boot play-toys, but would never let the leather crowd or fellow club members know. A shoe lover would always go over to the boot guys at a meeting — but the boot lovers seem to feel they were lowering themselves by paying homage to a good-looking, rich leather smelling, highly-polished pair of shoes, regardless of style. A boot is more masculine, taller, heavier than a low-cut shoe. Laces are out of the picture since they appear on both. If he is in doubt about his own image, the heavier the boot, the better, since it would help him walk more like a man than to glide along.

The pros and cons on boots vs. shoes can be argued endlessly, so why not show you, in his own words, the writings of a very masculine club member on the East coast.

"... across the street from the Washington D.C. bus terminal, I saw this kid leaning against the wall and even from a distance he looked just right. Military haircut, clean-cut and a beautiful build with a tight tee-shirt and white levis to set it off. I crossed the street to get a better look at what he was wearing on his feet. Spit-shined paratrooper jump-boots with ladder lacing which I decided called for some action. They were beautiful, looking heavy and sexy. I thought it was the black boots against the white pants that made it look so good, but it turned out he was a M.P. and they were his regulation boots that he had put extra heavy soles on, taps placed on the sides of his heels so they clicked loudly when he snapped them to attention. Funny that I had never thought of that before, but it made a hell of a difference.

"You could tell he was hustling — not from the way he looked, but where

and how he was standing — so after a lot of sweating and stuttering over it, I finally came out and told him I'd like to take his boots off. He naturally had figured I was after something else and didn't know what to make of for awhile. But he finally agreed to let me do it, and even to take some pictures of him.

"So, we wandered around to a spot with good light and no people around and I took a couple shots of him and some close-ups of his boots. Then we wandered some more until we found an entrance-way behind some buildings where it was good and private. (Kind of dangerous you might say, and I'd have to admit it is. But maybe you know how much you can want something, and right then I wanted his boots more than anything. And taking them off outside like that really added something to it.)

"He was nervous and started sweating, then he started whining and pleading with me, guess he thought I would take his boots and split, me being much bigger than he was, and he started begging and crying, but I was not to be denied my way.

"So anyway there we were down this alley, and I got down behind him, lifted his foot, untied those boot laces and slowly slid that heavy boot off, and then did the other one — taking my time about it until I had both of those great heavy wild boots. Then I got his socks off too, and had him stand there barefooted leaning against the wall like the cops do with a guy when they frisk him, while I held his socks and big boots and shot my load. It was fantastic for me while it lasted."

... "the second incident I had concerned itself with a guy I had seen around Boston for a couple of years, always with beautiful cordovans and wing-tips, but I could never seem to meet him. Finally, one evening on my way to the train, I saw him having a cup of coffee at the station lunch counter, so I sat down next to him and got to talking to him. We hit it off and he asked me back to his place. He had on a pair of brown wing-tips, shined just great, as usual, and I figured some way I just had to have them, so I said to hell with the train and took off with him.

"We took a cab across town and I started out by giving him some shoves with my knee and then leaning back in my corner of the seat. Just like I hoped, he stretched his leg across and began rubbing my leg with his shoe. I let him play along for a bit while I sat and thought about his shoes and what I was going to do to him.

"When we got near enough to his place I took hold of his leg and pulled his foot up into my crotch. We had been talking about work and such things and I steered the talk to the stock-market (which I don't know a damn thing about) so that when I untied his shoelace and started to take his shoe off I said some-



thing about: "sometime you can get yourself in a position where you lose your shirt — or something" and then pulled his shoe off. The poor guy was afraid the cab driver would notice what was going on so he tried to act like nothing was happening. Then I said "of course it might be better to risk the same thing again rather than to lose everything you had on" and started to take his sock off.

"Either he didn't understand me or he was being stubborn, so I wadded his sock up in my fist and held it out the window and told him: "you know you, uh, your profits can go right out the window if you don't do the right thing." "What am I supposed to do," he said, still trying to make it sound like a regular conversation. "Well, we have to start on another footing" I said looking at his shoe, "and see if things come off the same way." "Do we have to?" he asked. And I sort of half opened my fist and said, "this time they have to."

"So he took off his other shoe and I made him give it to me, too. Just before we got to his place, I gave him his sock back and while he paying the driver I got

out with his shoes under my coat and went up to the door of the apartment building. He was signaling to me to come back to the cab but I pretended not to notice and just stood there waiting and enjoying the feel of his shoes. He finally got out and walked over in his socks, with the cab driver looking like he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"When we got inside he was really mad at me (wonder why?) but I got him calmed down and told him about how I liked his shoes. It turned out he really liked shoes too, and had a dozen pairs or more and he put them on and let me get my socks off on them — two or three of the best pairs. He had never really realized what you could do with shoes, he said. I think he might have been a real credit to the B.A.S. with a little effort, but his company sent him over to Europe right after that, so I never found out."

III

... "the third incident I had in public was after I met this guy late one evening when catching a train home from Boston. We went to his place for a quick one and

I managed to make out with the cordovans he was wearing. He didn't understand it, but he wasn't really turned off. So when we got together for dinner a few days later and he showed up with these gleaming cordovan shoes, I decided to try one of my old favorite ideas which I hadn't had a chance to use in a long time. I steered us to a table in the rear where it was fairly dark and ordered something that I knew would take a long time to fix. There was one couple near us but that was okay by me, because I figured it would both shake him up and keep him from making too much fuss when I got started.

"We sat and talked a bit while I scouted out the situation — where his feet were, etc. While I was in the middle of talking I stretched my leg across and hooked my foot behind one of his and pulled it over to where I could grab his ankle and pull his shoe up on the edge of my chair. At first, he said later, he thought it was just a plain pass. We had to take a break while the waiter came back, with my napkin over his foot and him sweating a bit. Then I started untangling his shoe lace and working it loose, with him asking me not to, but not really able to do anything about it. I got his shoe off and put it on the chair beside me, and went on talking about other stuff for a couple of minutes. He was trying to act like nothing was happening, sitting with his foot in my crotch and his shoe off.

"But finally he asked for his shoe, and I told him no, he had to let me take his other shoe off too. He said he'd be damned if he would, and got his other foot way back out of my reach. So, I very slowly began to peel his sock off. Now that really shook him up — he tried to pull loose, he tried to talk me out of it, and when I had his sock up around his toes and was sliding it off, he said I could have his other shoe if I'd put his sock back on.

"Well, just then here comes the waiter again and I get him talking about something while Bob sits there looking sort of green — I had gotten the napkin back in place just in time, but with one hand I kept playing with it as though to move it away, and with the other hand I had hold of his bare foot and was digging my thumbnail into his sole, just to punish him for giving me a hard time, you know.

"So the waiter moves off and Bob can't wait for me to get it over with and get his other shoe off. That makes it a little difficult because I don't want him wanting it, so I really take my time, getting the lace loose and pulling it out of a couple of the holes and running my fingers down inside the nice sweaty leather of his cordovans. By now he was about climbing the wall "Please take it off" he says. "What?" I tease him. "My shoe." "What about it?" "Take it off." "Take what off?" "Take my shoe off," he practically shouts. "Go ahead and ask me right," I tell him. "Please take my shoe off," he says. "That's the way, just keep asking me." And I get him to repeat it over about 7 or 8 times, "Please take my shoe off," while very slowly I do what he asks.

to be continued...

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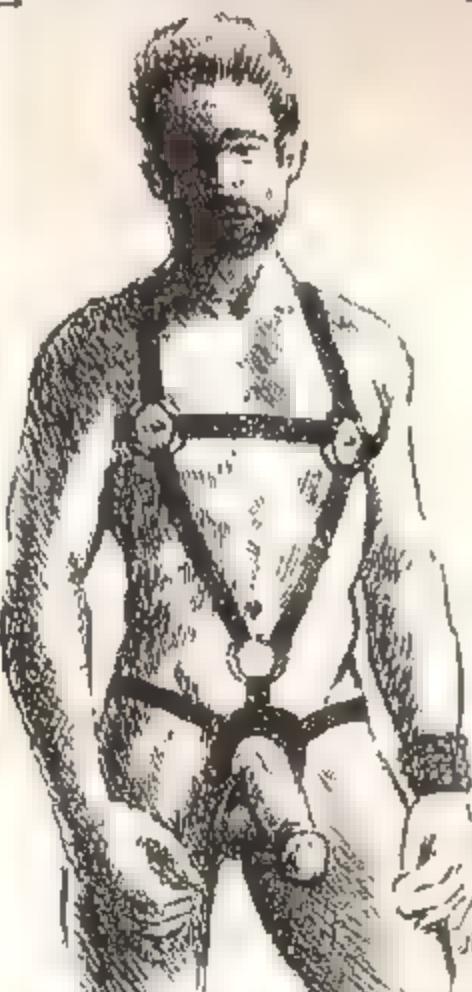
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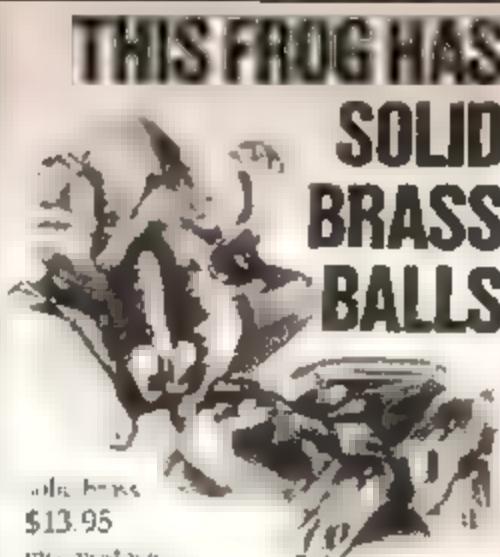
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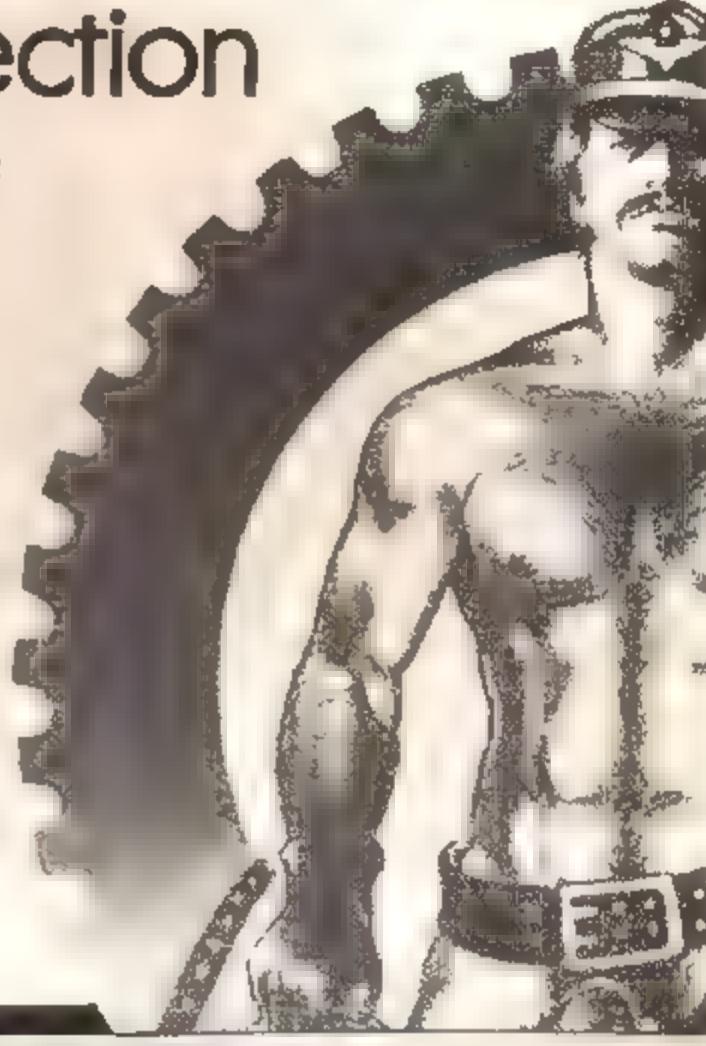
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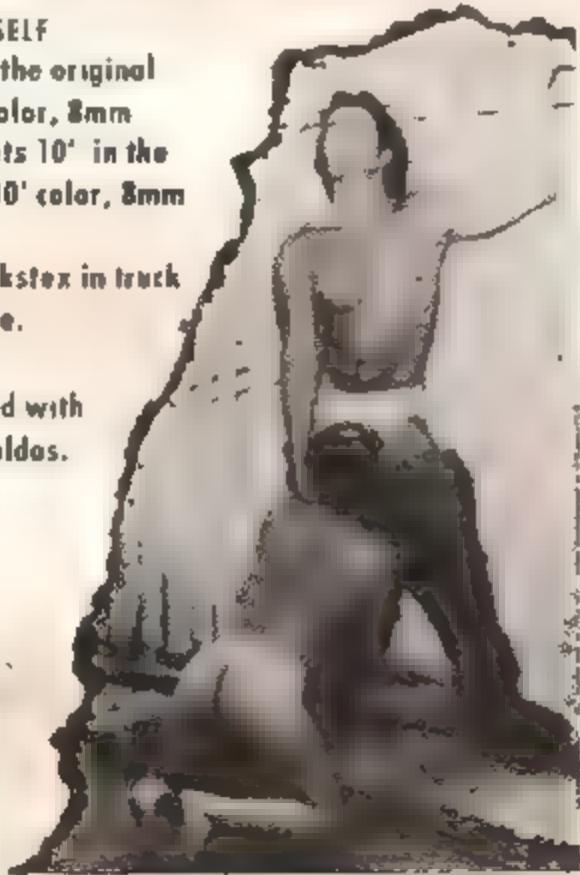
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OTHER MOTORCYCLE CLUB ACTIVITIES IN THE LOS ANGELES AREA

In the last issue of Drummer the Weekend Motorcycle Runs were described in detail. It was also mentioned that there were other activities. These activities can be put into three categories, the one day run, a beer bust and an evening social gathering.

The one day run consists of the participants gathering at a starting point, usually a popular bar, on a Sunday Morning between 10 and 11 AM. Once a fee is paid, a map is given out showing how to get to the next stop where the next activity occurs. The rider proceeds to that activity and when he is finished, he obtains another map and continues on. There may be several stops but at the end of the day everyone who has properly interpreted the maps, gathers for a meal and of course plenty of beverages for everyone will be hungry and thirsty. Special activities consist of a variety of individual competitive events and motorcycle field events. As with the weekend run, the activities are built around a theme. The events are often unique and clever. One club even rented horses for a field event. One run had been expanded into a two day event in which the participants rode 500 miles, with an overnight stop at a gay resort.

The second activity is a beer bust which is usually held at a local popular bar during a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. The main purpose of this event to the sponsoring club is to recover funds lost on their previous weekend run. For a fee ranging from 3 to 5 dollars, the participant will be allowed to consume an unlimited amount of draft beer over a period of about 2 to 3 hours, and to discuss his experiences during the past weekend runs. Needless to say the conversation gets very colorful as the afternoon wears on. For entertainment there are usually slides or motion pictures of the past weekend event.

It is not uncommon to have Beer Busts on the same Sunday as a weekend run in which the participants from the weekend run will attend. A beer bust is not necessarily limited to a followup theme of a previous weekend run. Some clubs feel that they do not have the resources to sponsor a weekend run and will go all out on a beer bust. Other clubs will have a special beer bust time such as a Motorcycle Christening. Or, it can be just a plain social gathering. Run pants are often given at these events.

The evening social event is unique to a Motorcycle Club in the Los Angeles area. Usually it begins about 8 PM on a Saturday night at a large social hall. At present, Troopers Hall in Hollywood is the most popular locale for these events. For a fee ranging from 3 to 6 dollars, one has the privilege to purchase drinks at cut-rate

(club) prices, cruise, gossip and watch a show, which should remain undescribed. Usually the presentation of new club officers is the excuse for a social event. Each club has established a unique means of presentation with a lot of pomp and ceremony.

One social activity is different from the rest and should be described in detail. It is the Hawks' "Leather Sabbath" which is held on the weekend before Halloween. At this event everyone is encouraged to come in leather. During the Sabbath, there are several activities including booths that would delight the S and M crowd. As a finale to this event, a "Mr. Leather" is selected by the votes of the participants.

NEW CLUBS

We have recently received news of two new Motorcycle Clubs. They are as follows:

The Pride, Chicago, P.O. Box 7588, Chicago, IL 60680
Heart of Texas, MC, P.O. Box 9981, Austin, TX 78758

The Austin Club has a Home bar known as the Private Cellar, 709 E. 6th Street, Austin.

ATTENTION Motorcycle Clubs! News of your events is being solicited to be published in this magazine. Articles and photographs should be sent to Gary Barnhill, Club Editor, 1851 Boca Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90032.

STARTING A MOTORCYCLE CLUB — AN INTERVIEW

Drummer Magazine has made an exclusive interview with Rick West, President of the "Heart of Texas" Motorcycle Club. This club is in the central Texas area and is fairly new.

DRUMMER: How long have you been Club President?

RICK: About two and a half months.

DRUMMER: How does your club acquire members and what are your qualifications for those members?

RICK: Getting them is not hard. We are the only Club in the Central Texas area. There is another Club in the San Antonio area called "Rough Riders." They have a mileage limitation for membership. We have none. As far as membership requirements, we have an allowable ratio between non-bike owners and bike owners, and an age minimum in which the members must be older than 18 years. We have no maximum age limitation.

DRUMMER: Tell me of the history of your Club.

RICK: The club was founded about four years ago in Waco which is about 100 miles north of Austin. Since we have no mileage limitation, most of our members were spread throughout Central Texas. It became convenient to

move our post office box to Austin.

DRUMMER: Is your Club incorporated? I know most bike clubs like to incorporate due to the fact should you have an injury on a Club Run, the injured person can't hold the entire membership responsible for repairs to the body, bike or car.

RICK: No.

DRUMMER: Do you plan to incorporate soon?

RICK: In the new bylaws to be approved in November, there is a provision to incorporate. It must be done before our next run.

DRUMMER: As Club President what do you hope to accomplish for your club and for your community?

RICK: Texas clubs in general, as with most clubs around the country, do things for the community especially around Christmas time. They participate in charities especially with "Toys for Tots." My goal as the 4th President is to make the Club known better outside of Texas. We are well known in our home state. We have a lot of friends in the south and southeast but we want to be better known in California.

DRUMMER: What have you done for the club?

RICK: I was a co-coordinator for our run. We have the only run in Texas that is run jointly by two clubs. It is called the "Rosebud Run" and is co-hosted by the Callas Club and is held on the last weekend in September. This was the second year.

DRUMMER: Tell me of your functions as co-coordinator.

RICK: We are really lucky; we have a permanent run site. My job is to get the committees organized and see that everything runs smoothly. I don't work but tell others what to do.

DRUMMER: Basically all clubs are the same. All club members participate. Everyone pitches in to help.

RICK: Now that we have organized the "Texas Conference," we have bought as conference equipment — sound equipment to be shared by all clubs.

DRUMMER: Has your Club ever sponsored a run by itself?

RICK: No.

DRUMMER: Tell me of some of your activities that occur on a run.

RICK: We start Friday evening with a few arriving. Most arrive Saturday morning. One thing we don't do as the California clubs do, have bike classifications for the field events. Everyone competes equally in each event. Saturday night we have a Cocktail Party. Awards are presented Sunday morning. It should be noted that the Rosebud Run was created for relaxation. Compared with the Lone Star Run, competition is played down. The Lone Star Run which is in June has much more heated competition. People

come to the Rosebud Run to relax. Our run is a small one with about 100 people attending. The Lone Star Run attracts about 460.

DRUMMER: What is the length of your term as President and when will it be up? I know you just started.

RICK: It is a one year term.

DRUMMER: I imagine that if you do a good job, you can be re-elected.

RICK: We can serve two terms.

DRUMMER: Do you plan to run again?

RICK: It is a hard question to answer. I don't know. There is always the possibility. At the end of the term, If the members feel that I have done a good job and want me to serve again, I won't turn them down.

DRUMMER: What did you have to do to be elected President? How many bodies did you have to go to bed with?

RICK: There is just one body. I won't mention his name but he will know who he is. Our election procedures are simple. They are held at a regular meeting. Nominations for each office are presented. The presiding officer will then call for the vote.

DRUMMER: Does your club go through a formal Change of Officers Ceremony such as a Coronation before the public in which the old and new officers are presented?

RICK: No but other clubs in Texas do. Not on the scale that is done in California. There is a club in Houston that announces its new officers in their home bar after their run.

DRUMMER: Do you sponsor live shows such as pantomime skits?

RICK: No. All we did on the Rosebud Run was to show training films Saturday. That is, dirty old movies which consisted of all types of scenes including S and M. The Lone Star Run did have an elaborate show.

DRUMMER: Do you consider the Rosebud Run a sex run?

RICK: No, but there is plenty of time for sex. It is a relaxing weekend with emphasis on fun. For instance, the people event this year was an obstacle course that consisted of running over a rubber sheet greased down and then jumping over hurdles. This while holding a raw egg in the mouth. We had only one broken arm this year, which is amazing! The bike event consisted of going through a maize throwing darts at a target. We don't put emphasis on events.

DRUMMER: Do you award trophies?

RICK: Sure, besides the serious awards we give three gag awards. This is a local run and everyone knows each other. The gag awards consisted of the Slut Award for the Biggest Whore of the Weekend, Innocence of Trusting Award for the longest distance bike club (the Gulf Coast Ramblers come up from Alabama on the personal word of the Dallas Club President) and the Stupidity Award which was awarded to the Dallas Club for it appears that they know each other and yet have nothing to do with each other for 365 days of the year and then for the two days of the run they come down and fuck around with each other. This is

the sort of thing we can do on a small run.

DRUMMER: What do you plan to do for the Gay Community to improve relations with the Heterosexual Community?

RICK: Austin, our home base, is in a good situation because it has good relations with the City Government. Because of the nearby University of Texas, we have a liberal community with a club bath and 6 bars. We have no troubles in this town of 300,000 population. Other towns in Texas have a lot more trouble. We consider ourselves lucky.

DRUMMER: How do you feel about Anita Bryant?

RICK: I believe that she thinks that she is doing right and who has the right to protest. We can try to change her mind. In Houston, Texas we had over 8,000 people from all over the south to attend a march in which people came from as far away as El Paso, a 10 hour bus ride.

DRUMMER: Were you in the parade?

RICK: Yes.

DRUMMER: Tell me of the "Texas Conference of Clubs."

RICK: When the Loan Star Run was organized last year there were eleven host clubs. A joint bank account was established. Afterwards, it was decided to keep the account permanent and form a Conference of Clubs to coordinate the events of the various clubs in Texas. Not all joined, but 11 did. It is new with temporary officers.

DRUMMER: What are your sexual preferences? At a bar what do you look for?

RICK: When I am traveling I look for club situation. My goal is to try to publicize the Club.

DRUMMER: Do you have anything to add?

RICK: Lone Star II will be held next year in June. We are trying to get publicity to all bars.

Posters are now being distributed and I hope placed in prominent places.

It should be noted that our Home Bar is the "THE PRIVATE CELLAR" on West 6th Street, across the street from the Book Store. This is a new location in one of the oldest brick buildings in Austin. It is along a creek and one enters from the creek levee. It is a liquor bar.

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Step To Bar Practice

By Jack Fritscher

Hot spots get too hot not to cool down. So hit them while you can. Like The Mine Shaft in New York, New York. Two floors and a roof of whatever flips your switch. In San Francisco, a friendly stranger asks your sign. In LA he asks what part of town you live in. New Yorkers just do a two-handed fine-tuning on your tits and lift an armpit, either yours or theirs, for openers. That's the Manhattan Hello.

UP A STEEP AND VERY NARROW STAIRWAY

Cab it to The Mine Shaft. It's tucked in among the meat packing houses at the west end of 14th Street. Hang a left to Little West 12th Street. Head on up the stairs. At the entrance, a man checks your membership or issues you a card renewable every three months. For members the door charge is minimal and the stub is money at the bar

Best of all you can check any or all of your clothes. You aren't going to need them anyway unless they are fetish items. For instance, a new group called The Jock Strap League tends the bar Monday nights. Those quiet dudes you see roaming around in their Bikes are actually in 'their' club uniform. (You can join the JSL by calling (212) 580-9582, but don't wash your jock first.)

The jock fans are typical clientele. Tuesdays, for instance, during this first year of Mine Shaft festivities, have been reserved for live bouts by the New York Wrestling Club. Wednesdays the FFA takes over both slings and the pool table. Left ball in the side pocket. A can of Crisco sits behind the bar. Ask for some with an outstretched hand and you get an ice cream scoopful to lube up to your elbow. Thursday the A.E.A. (Ass Eaters Assn.) takes over the downstairs, although they're there every night everywhere. Other nights, uniforms are as varied as a surplus fantasy can get. Obviously, The Mine Shaft has a Dress Code, basically macho and fetish, and strictly enforced.

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS

The 'Shaft is an amazing maze of rooms, stairways, toilets, closets, hallways, bathtubs, gloryholes, and sex equipment. Light varies to shadows to

MEN'S BARS SCENE I

THEIR / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEA



THE MINE SHAFT
200 W. 14th Street

darkness. Men sit, stand, kneel, hang, crawl, drink, and eat. After midnight: something for everyone. The music is truly weird, but played low enough not to cover the slurps, moans, whippings, and piss scenes.

Anything you can fantasize is available somewhere in The Mine Shaft; not for those with low Fantasy Quotients. The 'Shaft now offers a School for Lower Education to aid men in their descent. Currently, an M.D., a psychiatrist, and a psychologist are needed to conduct the timid through courses geared to release their inhibitions. Dial 924-4978.

The Mine Shaft is the pits. In the best sense. The 'Shaft is no place to take your daytime identity. The 'Shaft is the place of the night-time ID. Abandon inhibition all ye who enter here. Any joint up front enough to advertise SUNDAYS ARE FOR SLUMMING, you can figure goes all the way down on Friday and Saturday nights. The 'Shaft is true raunch.

Besides the variety of body types, the New York attitude, the films, the genuinely far-out trips, and all the gimmicks any good bar exploits to jazz up a cooking atmosphere, the best thing at The Mine Shaft is the men who make it go, Wally, Bruce and Bob. They really care about your safety inside the oasis they have created: clothes checking is totally safe; members have special valuables

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MEN'S BA

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envelopes; and are placed in a newly fire-proofed safe. The current newsletter, in fact, is full of sensible advise on how to keep Mr Goodbar out of The Mine Shaft and out of your life. So if you don't live in The Big Apple, but still want a hot trip, rest assured inside The Mine Shaft everything is cool. (Outside, remember to take a taxi.)

THE 'SHAFT IS A FANTASY BY REX

The essence of The Mine Shaft is found in page after page of Rex's drawings in *Icons* and *Mannespielden*. If you get off on Rex, you'll like The Mine Shaft and you'll understand why The 'Shaft chose him to design its 1978 poster and T-shirt. Rex epitomizes in his work the concept of The Mine Shaft man.

THE CURRENT 'SHAFT HOURS

Monday, Tuesday, & Wednesday — 10 pm — 6 am

Thursday — Happy Hour Prices

5 pm — 9 pm

Thursday Evening Hours 9 pm — 6 am.

Friday (Everything Goes) 10 pm — 9 am.

Saturday (Around The Clock)

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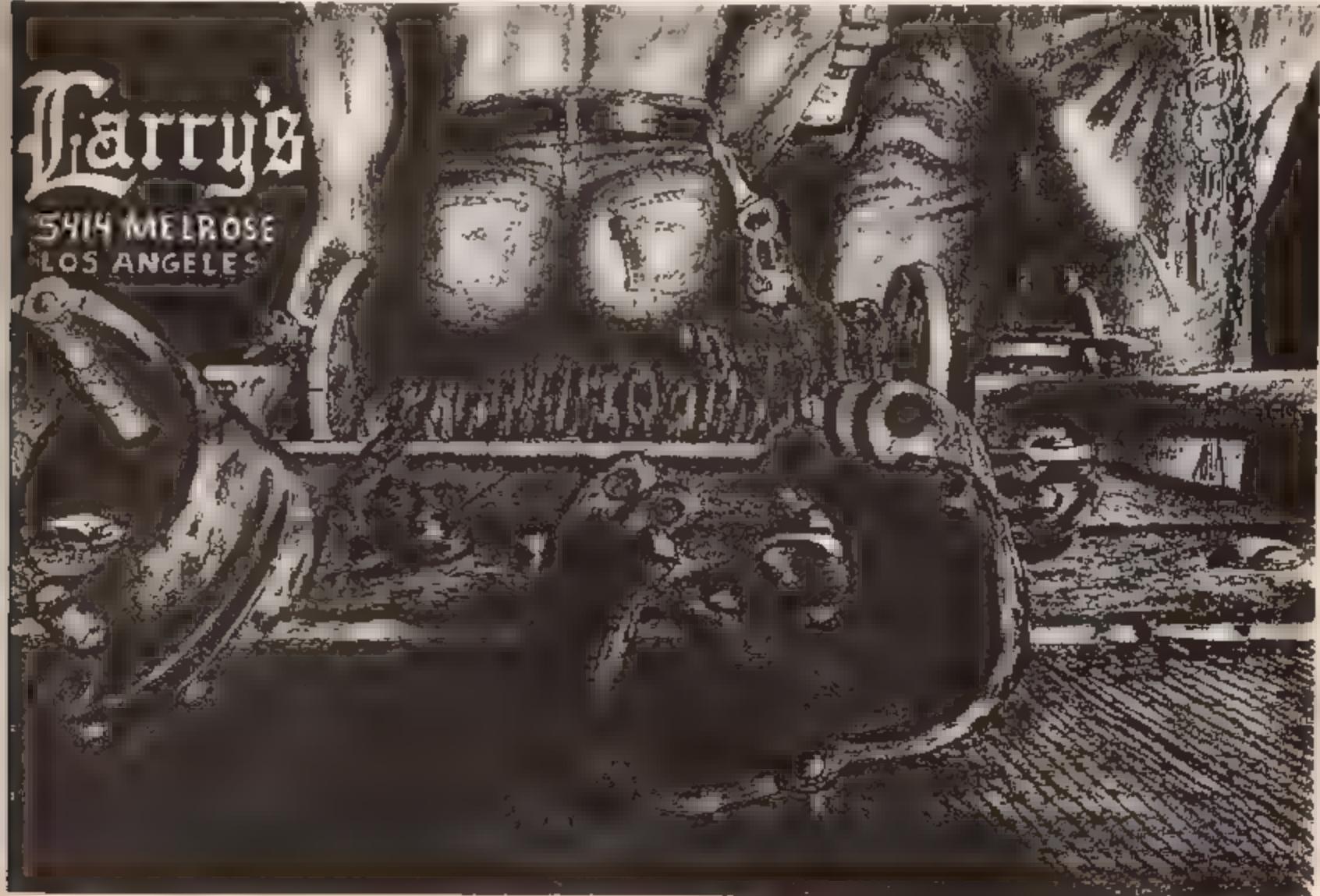
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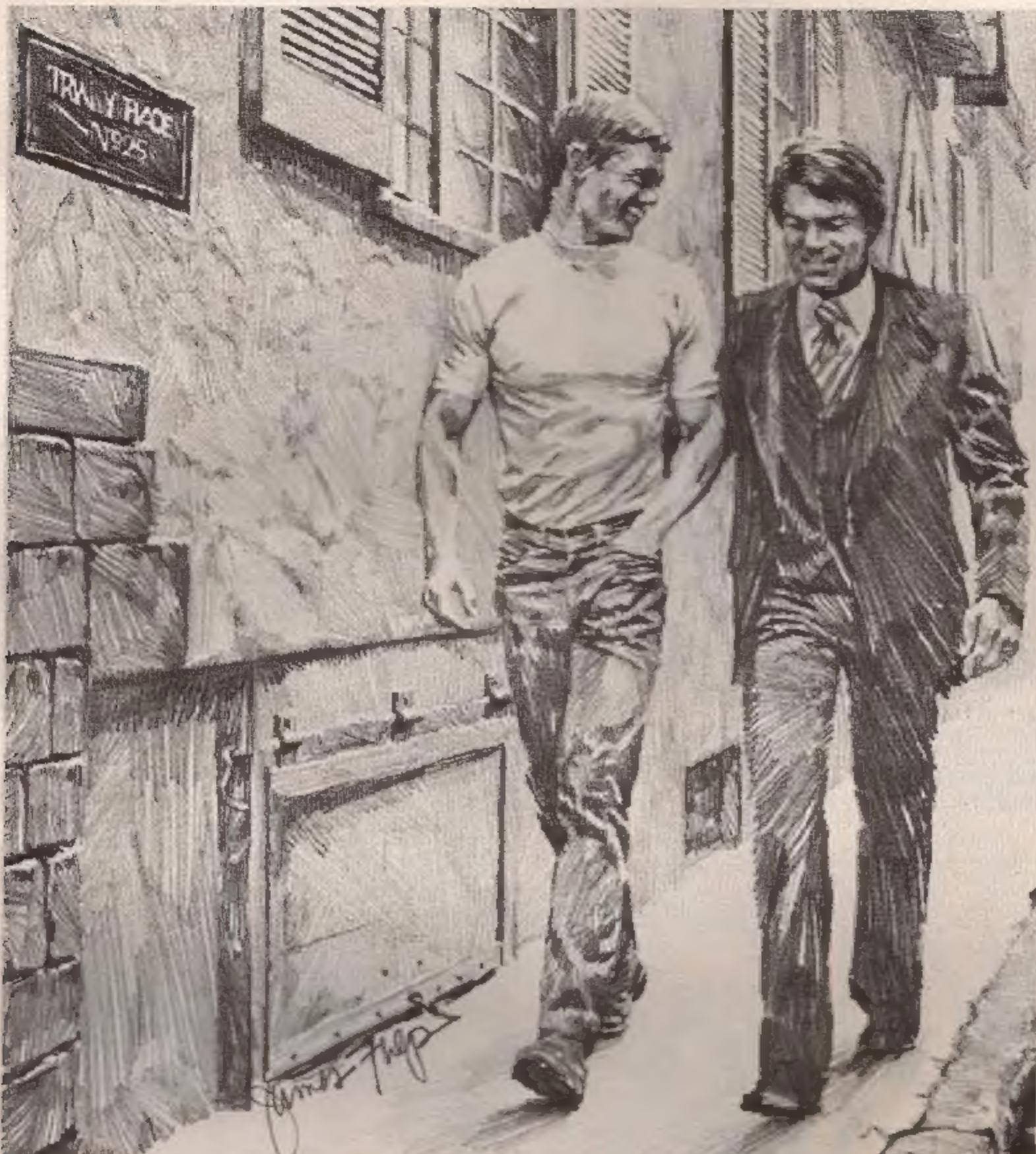


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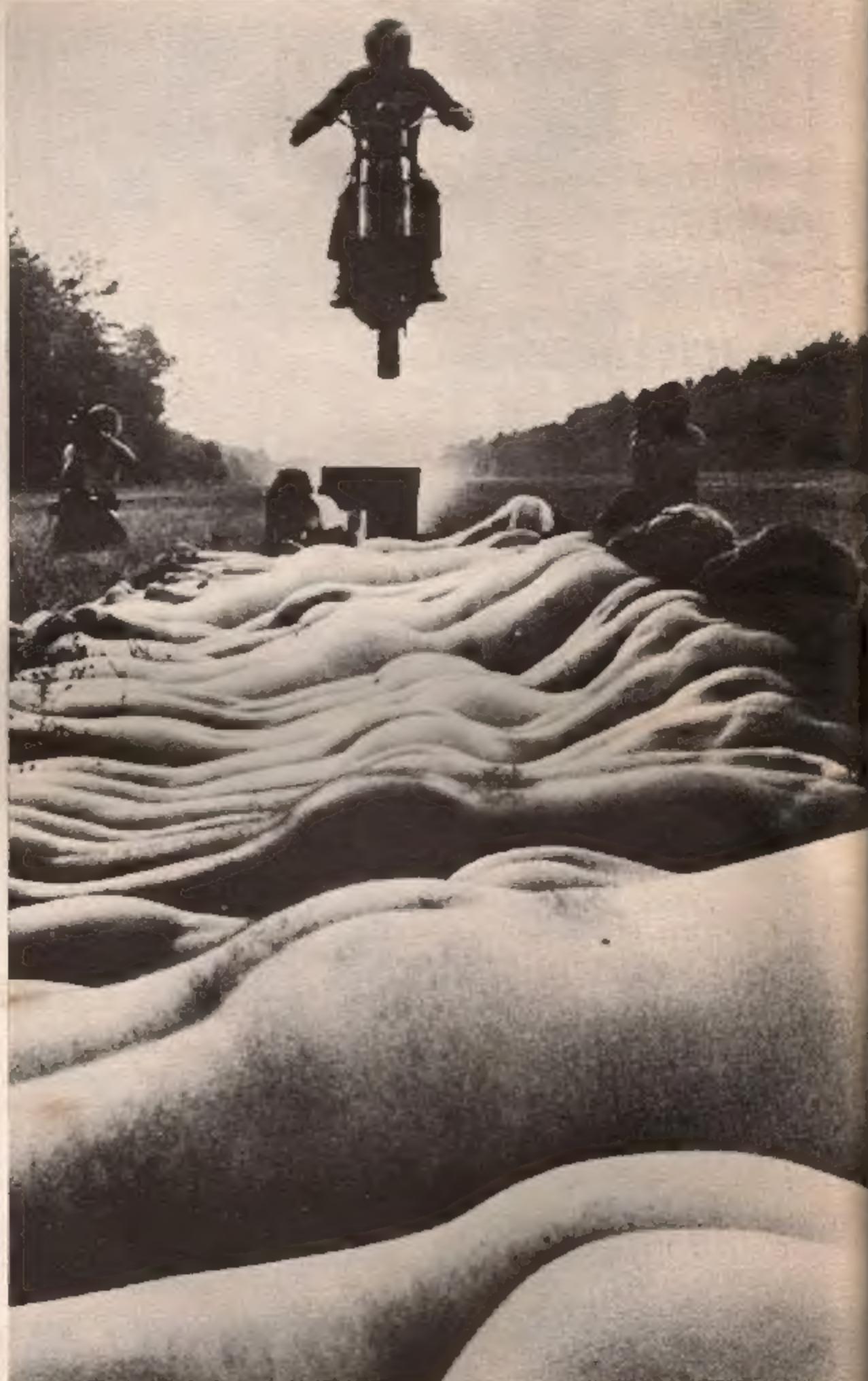
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I certify that I am over 21

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS
PAC WEST MAIL ORDER
P.O. BOX 3867
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94119

STATE _____ ZIP _____

/ DR

Money orders receive same day service.